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PRAYER OF THE STRUGGLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

"She lifted up her eyes and cried out in the bitterness of a deep, untold agony—'Show me Thy way, oh God, and to Thy will I bend meekly—striving only to serve Thee. But, oh, show me Thy purpose.'"

Oh, God, I cry to Thee!
In pity bend to me—
My way is dark.
Through thorny places now it lies,
And midnight deep is o'er mine eyes—
Give me one spark
Of hope to light my rayless gloom.—
A safety bark—
To ride the billows of my doom!

Why scourge so small a mite
As I am in Thy sight?—
What canst thou gain?
Show me Thy ways, oh, God,
And I will kiss the rod
Spite of the pain.

Nay, I would not rebel 'gainst Thee,
I question and implore to see
What Thou wouldst have.
Lift me up, Lord, into the light,
That I Thy will may see aright,
And as a slave,
Loving and faithful will I stand,
Or walk to do Thy least command.

Oh, heart of woman, ache—
Ache on forever for love's sake,
But let thy cries
The heavens besiege till peace
Comes—life or death—no'er cease
With lips or eyes,
Or heart or soul to claim
The comfort promised in His name
Beyond the skies.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MOONLAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPEST.

For a few moments Henry stood as one petrified. Accustomed as he was to act instantaneously in critical cases, he now halted in a state of uncertainty, if not bewilderment. His first impulse was to spring after the horses, in the hope that they might not run far; but in the same moment he bethought him that he would thus be leaving Isaline all alone, and the idea was abandoned at once. Hastening back to her side, he threw his arm around her slender, trembling form, and in a low, tender tone, for the first time since their acquaintance dropping all formality, he said:

"Isaline, do not be alarmed! the danger is not so great as it seems."

She leaned heavily against him, as if mutely asking protection; and there, alone in the wilderness, almost defenceless, he experienced a thrill of happiness he had never felt before.

"Do not be alarmed, Isaline!" he repeated, in a tender, soothing tone; "the storm is all that we have to dread, and that is in the hands of God and will not destroy us."

With the last words came a blinding flash of lightning, quickly followed by a crash of thunder and a few heavy, pattering drops of rain.

"Oh, Henry!" responded the trembling girl, in a tone of helpless terror, and leaning more heavily against him, as though too weak and faint to support her own fragile form.

The storm had been unusually rapid in its advance. From the moment when our friends had been warned by the first low, distant boom of thunder to the present time, only a few minutes had elapsed; and since then the bright sun had been darkened, the blue heavens above them had been covered by a black pall, the forked lightnings had played about them, crashing thunders had almost stunned them, big drops of rain had begun to descend, and now was heard that fullest, ominous, awful roar, which proclaims the near approach of a terrific tempest or tornado.

"If we could only find some place of shelter!" said Henry, with a quick, anxious glance around him.

"There is no time!" gasped Isaline; "the tempest is upon us. Heaven of mercy! look yonder!"

There was no time indeed, and the last exclamation was drawn from her by the awful appearance of the atmosphere above her. It was dark with millions of leaves, which were whirling over and around and rushing forward with a terrific, roaring velocity. These were controlled by a current of wind near the black clouds, which were also rolling, twisting and writhing in a most frightful manner. As yet the air near the earth was still and calm; but it was of that stillness and that calmness which made it dreadful to expectation. In the worst we know the worst, and battle with it with every faculty of mind and body, buoying our spirits up with action, fearing nothing more and hoping something better; but in the waiting for uncertain evil, the imagination is filled with horrors that unnerve and paralyze us, because we cannot grapple with them. The expectation in this case was soon a terrible reality. The current of air that swept and roared through the heavens, was quickly followed by one that tore along the earth, destroying nearly everything in its path. It seized the trees of the forest, great and small, bent them like reeds, snapped them asunder, tore them up by their roots, whirled them round like straws, and strewed and piled them together in a long, wild, tangled mass of ruin. It struck the top of the mound and hurled every thing downward except the earth itself, and even that trembled. Fortunately our friends were at its eastern base, where the wind could not reach them in its wildest fury, or they might never have outlived it; and even as it was it almost lifted them from their feet and drove them against the embankment, where they turned their faces to the earth, breathed with difficulty, silently prayed, and every moment looked for death. Meantime the shrieking, howling and roaring of the tempest was awful beyond description; the air was black with flying leaves, branches and timbers; there was a ghastly, lurid glow throughout the gloom; dazzling chains of forked lightning struck downward and outward in every direction; the crashing of the thunder seemed like the dashing together of the worlds of the universe, and the driving rain fell in such torrents as if the windows of heaven had indeed been opened. Its wildest fury lasted for half an hour, and then its work of destruction was done in that locality, and it went howling, roaring and rumbling away to the eastward.

When at last Henry and Isaline found themselves in a condition to look about them, they were indeed in a pitiable plight. There was not a dry thread upon them. The rain too was still descending in torrents—for though the tornado was past, black, humid clouds remained, that literally poured their watery contents upon the earth, as if to complete the work of destruction with a deluge. Nor was this all. The little stream mentioned as flowing along the base of the eastern embankment, had already swollen to the size of a small river, had overleaped its own natural banks, and was splashing its waters into the inclosure, through the opening of the nearest angle, to a depth of several inches, with the flood still rising, and other smaller streams rushing, leaping and roaring down the centre mound to swell it still higher.

"Thank God," said Henry, "our lives have been preserved through this awful tempest, the like of which I never saw before! But see, Isaline,—dear Isaline, may I not call you? for after sharing this dreadful peril with you, you have become dearer to me than any other being in the wide wide world.—see! the flood is rising around us, and we must change our place for safety. Have you strength enough left to attempt the ascent of the mound again?"

"Yes, Henry," replied Isaline, looking up with a face into which the color was beginning to return, "I am stronger than I was—much stronger. It was the lightning which affected me so—it always did—but wherefore I cannot say. Other dangers may alarm me as much, but nothing else so utterly weakens and prostrates me. Oh, Heaven, what a tempest! what a tempest! It seems almost a miracle that we have both lived through it! But the danger is not yet past! How shall we ever get back to our companions?"

"Do not fear, dear Isaline! there will be a way, I trust," said Henry, soothingly. "Come! let me assist you up the hill again, where I fancy we shall be safe for the present, and where at least we can get a clearer view of the scene of desolation."

She gave him her hand, and they walked through the water that already covered the space between the embankment and mound; but when they began the ascent of the steep and slippery acclivity, she required the support of his arm, and it was only after much labor, difficulty and delay that they were able to reach the summit at all.

Truly a wild scene of destruction here met their view. The sweep of the tornado, from north to south, had been something like half-a-mile wide, reaching out about equally on either side of the mound, so that the spot where our friends now stood had been so to speak the very centre of its fury. It had moved from west to east in an almost direct line, and had either uprooted or blown down the trees of the forest, strewing and leaving them on its terrible path in every conceivable position, so that in general appearance its destructive work was not unlike a mower's careless swath through a field of grain. Scarcely a tree had been left standing, and that anything having life, and most of all human life, should have been preserved in the midst of its fury, was certainly little short of a miracle. Had Henry succeeded in catching the horses and mounting himself and companion, it is more than probable their lives would have been destroyed, as they would have taken just the course to have been caught by the tornado in the forest, and this they now comprehended with such feelings of gratitude for their preservation as belonged to their noble natures.

"It is often thus," said Henry, solemnly, "that Providence saves us in spite of ourselves; and in the mysterious workings of Heaven we sometimes find good springing out of what we had thought to be evil. We grieved at what we supposed to be a calamity when our horses ran away from us, and now we find that very event to have been our salvation."

"It is truly so," replied Isaline, "and I am very, very thankful to God for our wonderful preservation! But what of our companions, Henry? do you think they have been fortunate enough to have escaped also?"

"I hope so, Isaline, and I may say I believe so, for they were moving in a southerly direction, and most I think have got beyond the fierce track of the tempest."

"And will there be any way for us to rejoin them?" inquired Isaline, with an expression of painful anxiety.

"Undoubtedly!" answered the young artist, more hopeful in the word than the thought; for the rain was still coming down in torrents, every little brook was already swelled to a river, and in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, the level ground appeared to be nearly buried under waters, which was pouring down from every hill in rushing streams.

"Oh!" shuddered Isaline; "I am growing cold."

"Ah, that is what we have to fear!" said Henry, in some alarm. "I am afraid you are taking cold, for you are soaked through and through, and the temperature has fallen several degrees. Oh that we had some place of shelter where I could strike a fire! Here, perhaps this may be of some little service to you!" and he took off his hunting-frock and wrapped it around her shoulders.

"No, no," said Isaline, endeavoring to throw it off, "I will not be so selfish as to rob you!"

"Oh, I do not mind it in the least," he said; "I am used to all kinds of exposure, but you are not. Nay, dear Isaline, I insist that you wear it!" he added, using a little playful force to keep it round her shoulders. "Ah, do wear it now, to please me! will you not?"

"But you will suffer from the exposure!"

"No, I promise you I will be very good and do nothing of the kind!" returned Henry, demurely.

The oddity of the reply and the look that accompanied it, drew a smile from Isaline, and she made no further resistance or objection.

"What a dreary prospect!" she said, surveying the dismal scene before her; "how shall we ever get away from here?"

"It will not rain always," returned Henry; "even in Noah's time it stopped after forty days and nights; and I feel almost certain this deluge will not last half as long as that one did."

"It is a great blessing to be light-hearted!" smiled Isaline. "Ah, our poor horses! what has become of them? I fear we shall never see them again!"

"Unless destroyed by the tornado, I think they will be found, but not soon enough perhaps to serve our present need," returned Henry. "I am sorry to say, Isaline, I see no way of rejoining our companions except on foot, and I am much afraid you will not be equal to the task!"

"Oh, yes, it will not hurt me to walk, I am sure; and even if our horses were here, we could not ride through this mass of fallen timbers. Come, let us set off at once! I am anxious to show you what I can do—what a little heroine I can be!"

"We shall have to wade through the water in many places."

"Which will hardly wet us now," smiled Isaline. "I am ready for the trial; and since we have escaped such terrible perils, I shall look upon the obstacles in our way as comparative trifles."

Henry took one more survey of the dreary scene, and suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the northward:

"Ha! look yonder, Isaline! by that large rock near the base of that rocky ridge!"

"Oh, yes, I see! I see!" cried Isaline, clapping her hands with delight; "our horses! our horses! Heaven be praised, they have not been killed!"

"They must have run fast and just barely escaped the track of the tornado!" said Henry.

"Can we not get to them?"

"I think so, Isaline—though there appears to be a swampy level on the direct line, covered with water; but, as far as I can judge, looking at it from here, we can go around it to the westward, and strike the ridge about a quarter of a mile beyond them."

"But then, after reaching them, how shall we get them across this wide mass of fallen timbers?"

"Ah, that is where the trouble will be!"

"At all events, Henry, let us make the trial!"

"Will you go, or remain here, Isaline?"

"Oh, I must go with you, certainly—for I confess I am not courageous enough to remain here by myself! Besides, I am very cold, and need all the exercise I can get."

"I hardly know," returned Henry, hesitating, "that it will be prudent for us to go after the horses! The same labor it would cost us to get to them, would take us beyond the fallen timbers in the other direction, and perhaps enable us to rejoin our companions in case they have halted on account of the storm."

"But suppose they have not?"

"Then we should have a long walk to overtake them—for unless they have already halted, they probably will not short of the ford—a distance of five or six miles at least."

"Let us go for the horses then!" said Isaline.

"Well, if you think best!" answered Henry.

They immediately began to descend the mound, and, reaching the bottom in safety, went out of the inclosure through the north-western opening. They then began to pick their way over the trunks and through the tangled branches of the fallen trees; and though they made what haste they could, they were nearly an hour in getting to the point they aimed at beyond the track of the tornado. Here their progress in that direction was stopped by a reedy marsh, now covered with some two or three feet of water, which, as the rain still continued to pour, was every moment gradually rising. As Henry had foreseen, they could not cross this, but would have to go around it; and as the fallen forest came upclose to its margin, there was no other way than to continue to push over and through the matted trees as they had been doing. In one respect they had made a great miscalculation, and that was concerning the time it would take them to accomplish their purpose. Before setting out, they had supposed that an hour, and even a much less period, would be quite sufficient for them to reach the horses; but an hour had been consumed in getting to the marsh, and it took them more than another hour to work their way around to the ridge where they could move forward with far less difficulty. When at last they reached the rock where they had seen the animals quietly standing together, neither beast was there, nor even in sight.

Isaline uttered a cry of vexatious disappointment.

"And all this valuable time lost and nothing accomplished!" she said.

"They cannot be far off, I think!" returned Henry, with an uneasy look. "By following this ridge around a little further, I doubt not we shall find them quietly feeding in some sequestered nook. See! here are their tracks in the wet earth, and it is no difficult matter to pursue so clear a trail."

They went forward again, hoping every minute to find the beasts they sought, but every minute getting further from their friends and having so much less of daylight left to them. It was certainly not a prudent undertaking, this going in quest of the horses, and they now admitted it to each other. The trail led them into a thicket, and the search consumed another hour without any favorable result.

"This is too bad!" at last exclaimed Henry, coming to a stop; "you are being all tired out, dear Isaline, and no good accomplished! Three hours of such labor in the other direction would have put us far on the way toward our companions, even supposing them to have made no halt, and now we have all that ground to go over, with only a little more than an hour of daylight left to us!"

"Then we must give up this search for the horses and go back at once!" said Isaline.

"Yes, yes—we have no time to waste!" returned Henry, anxiously. "I blame myself severely that I did not come to this decision sooner; but I was lured on by the hope that we should presently have our horses in our possession again, and would not have to make the backward journey on foot. What has caused these beasts to lead us such a chase I am a loss to imagine!"

"Perhaps they have been led or ridden themselves!" suggested Isaline.

Henry started, and turned toward her a look expressive of suspicion and alarm.

"God forbid," he said, "that there should be enemies abroad in the wilderness here, and we in such a defenceless condition! Let us hasten back, dear Isaline, but not the way we came. Here! we will strike out another course toward the ridge you see yonder, and follow it round on the other side. We will return to the rock where the horses were—for since you have made the alarming suggestion, I am anxious to see if we really have any such cause for fear."

They started instantly, in great haste—for, though there might be no other danger, they feared the night would set in before they could get across the fallen timbers in the direction of their companions—and to be caught out alone in the darkness, in such a dreary waste, would be in itself a calamity. By the new route they took, and the speed they made, they returned to the rock where they had seen the horses in something like half an hour.

"Gracious God, preserve us!" ejaculated the young man, turning pale and pointing to the broad trail, first made by the animals and then by themselves in going in pursuit of them.

"What is it, Henry?" gasped his frightened companion, nervously clutching his arm.

"Whether the horses were led off, or ridden off, I cannot say—but here are the prints of moccasined feet, which were not here when we set off in search of them! May God in His mercy help us and save us! for our own trail has surely been followed by savages!"

Isaline uttered no cry and made no reply, but looked wildly and helplessly into his pale face, on which were already standing great beads of perspiration, wrung from him by the agony of thinking of their exposed and defenceless situation.

"Come!" he exclaimed, throwing his arm around her almost fainting form, to give her his manly support, and half lifting her from her feet, at the same time glancing fearfully about him, as if he expected to behold a hideous savage start from every bush; "we must fly, dear Isaline—fast and far—fast and far—and may God in His mercy give us strength to run and deliverance from these awful perils!"

CHAPTER IX.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

Henry, supporting his fair companion in the manner stated, took the backward course along the base of the ridge so often mentioned, in order to go around the marsh and gain the fallen timbers, in which he hoped to find a place to secrete Isaline and himself from savage eyes, till the coming darkness—now no longer dreaded, but looked forward to with hope—should shut in the scene of danger and desolation.

The two fled rapidly together, both nerved by one dreadful fear, their very hearts seeming to leap into their mouths at the snapping of every stick or any other sound.

Their course had been chosen by impulse and not calculation, or they would have taken the opposite one—for a moment of calm consideration would have shown Henry how much the danger would be increased in this direction—since, if the savages were on their trail, they would unerringly be led to this side of the ridge, at a point not far beyond that at which they were now aiming, and with the chances of discovering them before they could possibly reach it.

The rain was still falling, but not very heavily, for the great weight of the storm had gone eastward, and in the west the clouds were already breaking, with a prospect that the declining sun would set in shining splendor.

Pressing forward with all the speed that fear could lend to their strength and will, they soon reached the fallen timbers on the other side of the marsh, and at once plunged into the cover of the tangled mass, with no intention of crossing it in the exposed manner they had so recently done, but solely with the view of concealing themselves for the time and getting themselves recruited for another flight.

Fortunately dense coverts were now not difficult to find—for though the wood had been a comparatively open one—that is, in a great measure, clear of underbrush—the falling of the trees, one over the other, with their thick branches matted in together, in a perfect network of limbs and leaves and vines, afforded such places at every few steps; and rather seeking huge trunks to crawl under than places to stand upright, Henry and Isaline crept back for a hundred yards or so from the edge of this wild scene of destruction, and at last came to a full stop among the tangled boughs of a gigantic oak.

"Ah!" exclaimed the young artist, drawing a long breath of relief; "thank God we have reached here without discovery!"

Isaline clasped her hands, turned her white face upward, and breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving.

For a minute not another word was spoken, each seeming too deep in reflection to give voice to thought.

"But are we safe here now?" at length spoke the trembling girl. "I have heard it said that Indians can follow a blind trail, and surely ours can be easily seen!"

"If the savages are really on our trail, we are safe here, dear Isaline, I am sorry to say!" replied Henry; "but I thought we might venture to rest here a few minutes and then resume our flight."

"And which way shall we go?"

"In the direction of our companions."

"Oh, let us not waste any precious time here—for I am so nervous! so fearful that something terrible is going to happen! Gracious Heaven! only think of our being captured by these fiends of the wilderness!"

"The very thought of your being in their hands, dear Isaline, makes me shudder!" rejoined Henry.

"But have you no thought for yourself?"

"Yes, but my fears for you are far greater than for myself."

"You are very kind to think of me," returned Isaline, "and I trust you will always find me grateful; but I beg you will not forget that your own life is quite as valuable as mine!"

Henry was about to make a reply, when both were suddenly and terribly startled by several short, sharp, Indian yells.

"Gracious Heaven! are we discovered?" gasped Isaline.

"Not yet," replied Henry; "but undoubtedly our last trail is, and we must make a rapid flight to escape these human bloodhounds! Keep up your courage, dear Isaline, and follow me! We must pass under the trees and through as much water as possible, that our trail may not be easily perceived and rapidly followed!"

He hastily set forward, passing through

the branches of the oak, and then picking his way under the trunks of the trees where the gloom of the scene was deepest. If the Indians pursued immediately, they must have done so leisurely, or found the trail troublesome, for our flying fugitives heard no more of them for nearly an hour.

Unconsciously they had taken a westerly, instead of a southerly, course; and they had just worked their way through the belt of fallen timbers to the swampy thicket which joined it in this direction, when a few wild screeches were given in the wood behind them. At first Henry thought they were discovered, and that all hope was over; but on looking around and seeing no living thing, he took heart, suspecting the yells might have been for intimidation, or some other than the cause he feared; and throwing an arm around Isaline to support her, he plunged at once into the bushy thicket and pressed forward with all the speed he could.

This thicket, consisting for the most part of small trees and bushes, as if it had not very remotely been cleared of a heavy wood and was now growing up again, had felt the force of the tornado, though its effects were not so destructively marked as in the forest, because the smaller bushes had bent in together without breaking, and only here and there a sapling had been blown down or uprooted: still enough had been done to make it very difficult for our friends to force their way into and through it, and, in spite of their utmost exertions, their progress was so slow that every moment they expected the savage yells of discovery to ring in their ears. Yet they went on and on, trembling between hope and fear, and every minute feeling that so much was gained, because the sun was going down and their safety would be much increased by darkness.

At length they descended into a little hollow, through which now poured a roaring stream, mostly the collected waters of the late storm, and, just as they reached the bank of this, the sun burst out in splendor near the horizon, sent his bright rays through the still falling drops of rain, and set the glorious bow of promise in the east.

"See!" said Henry, pointing to it; "may we not draw an augury of hope?"

He had scarcely spoken, when, back some distance behind them, was heard a loud rustling of the bushes, as if some heavy body was swiftly pressing through the thicket; and with a low, startled cry, Isaline impulsively clung to him as if for protection.

The sound, whatever it was, drew nearer and nearer, and even Henry turned pale as he glanced up the little ridge in fearful expectation.

They were not long kept in suspense—for, in less than half-a-minute, a fine buck bounded into view, aiming directly for the spot where they stood; but which, on seeing them, shot off swiftly in another direction, and was heard plunging through the water some distance below.

"Quick, dear Isaline!" said Henry; "I fear the Indians are not far behind! and we must break our trail here, or never hope to escape!"

Supporting her as before, he hurried with her into the stream, far enough to conceal their footprints, and then both went up against the current as fast as could be done without the noise of splashing the water.

Every moment now was full of the most intense anxiety, for Henry felt that their safety hung on the next few minutes. If time could only be given them to get out of sight of the spot where their trail came down to the water, the savages would be uncertain in what direction to look for it, and might suppose they had gone directly across the stream, and a half hour's delay in searching for it now would put the sun behind the western hills and favor them with the first shadows of night. Two hundred yards up the stream was a sharp bend, where the roaring waters came dashing around the point of a huge rock, and Henry fixed his hope on that and strained every nerve to reach it.

"See! dear Isaline—see!" he said, encouragingly, to his half-fainting companion; "if we can only turn yonder rock before the savages discover us, I think we shall be safe for the night. Press forward for your sweet life, Isaline, and all may yet be well!"

The distance was short; but it seemed to stretch into miles, and the moments into ages, so little was their progress in keeping with their desires.

A moment—a single moment—a brief second—how much of all that concerned this world and the next for them might rest upon that little scarcely-noted point of time! Should the savages reach the water one moment before the bend of the rock were turned, then captivity and suffering, the loss of all that would make life desirable, and perhaps the most agonizing tortures and the most fearful death; while that one moment gained to them might give them salvation—life, liberty, hope and joy—a return to their friends, and a future of happiness! And all this, it might be, hanging on one single moment! a duration to be measured by two beats of the heart! Never did time seem so important to them as now; and never was it so divided and subdivided into infinitesimal points, and each as it were noted by them with such fearful, trembling anxiety!

"For your sweet life, dear Isaline, press forward!" urged Henry; "only one minute more and we shall be saved!"

And then to himself he added:

"Gracious Heaven! shall we never, never reach that rock! which seems to recede as we advance!"

They drew near to it—nearer and nearer—panting with hope. Ten seconds more—only ten—five—three—two—one! Ah, thank God! they have turned it, and the stream below them is shut from their view! Ah, thank God indeed! They are ready to drop on their knees in the water to give humble thanks!

But hark to those wild Indian yells! The savages have reached the bank of the stream below just one moment too late; and they yell, partly because they are not certain where to look for the trail that is lost in the water, and partly to intimidate the poor fugitives that they believe are within hearing of their infernal voices.

"Oh, Henry," gasped Isaline, "do you think they have seen us?"

"God forbid!" he answered, with a shudder. "I think we escaped discovery by one bare moment! But we must not remain here, for they may run up and down the stream to find our trail! Let us try to cross here. Behind that rock is a thicket, in which we may perhaps conceal ourselves till after sunset, when the deep shadows of night will give us more freedom."

They struggled across the roaring waters, which were nearly waste deep and ran so swiftly that it was with great difficulty they could keep from being swept downward. They reached the bank at length, and found a bushy thicket on one side of the huge rock, into which they crawled on their hands and knees, and then stopped, panting and exhausted, and waited, watched, and listened, with such feelings as those only may know who have stood in dread suspense with the most awful of calamities impending.

Slowly—oh, how slowly—the bright sun went down behind the hills, as if loth to quit so eventful a scene! and then with what wildly beating hearts did our poor, trembling fugitives watch the deepening of shadow upon shadow, as the only hope that remained to them! for more than once did they hear a sound, sometimes near and sometimes distant, which convinced them the Indians were actively on the search for them.

Night came at last, and found them crouching beside the rock in the thicket, a little relieved from their most intense fears, but chilled and miserable in their wet garments, which were clinging to them and stiffening and cramping their limbs.

"Oh, Isaline," whispered Henry, for he dared not speak aloud with such keen ears listening, "would to God it were in my power to make you more comfortable, even by so little a matter as food and fire! but here I am as helpless as yourself."

"And quite as much in need of what you name as I," returned Isaline, in a manner that showed she was not selfish in her thoughts.

"Oh, no," he answered, "for I am a strong man, used to this wild, rough life; and that, so to speak, which might scarcely bend me, would destroy you!"

"Nay, my kind friend, I can endure more than you suppose!" she rejoined.

"Heaven knows it will be enough!" he sighed; "and Heaven only knows what the trial will be! I pray God it may be no greater than you can bear, and that deliverance may be near at hand!"

"With all my heart I say, Amen to that for both! But what is to be done now, Henry? Should we not be using all these hours of darkness in endeavoring to find our way across the dreary wilderness to our companions?"

"I am almost afraid to ask if you think you can endure the fatigue of such a journey?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be quite strong the moment I can think these scenes of horror are being left behind us. It was the almost paralyzing fear of falling into the hands of these monsters of the wilderness, that made me so nearly helpless during our flight hither; and but for your kind support, I should have sunk by the way, and at this moment perhaps have been beyond the reach of hope. Most generously, nobly, did you peril your life for mine—for without me you could easily have escaped—and all I have to offer in return are my feeble thanks, my sincere gratitude, and my earnest prayers that God will bless and reward you!"

"Oh, Isaline," said Henry, with emotions that rendered his words almost inarticulate, "if you had a world to offer in exchange for what you have named, I would not accept it!"

There was more that his heart prompted him to say—more that would have brought the warm blood to her cheeks and temples—but he would not permit his lips to speak it then and there; he felt it was not a proper time and place; it seemed to his generous nature as if it would be taking unfair advantage of circumstances that would not allow her perfect freedom of reply; and he remained silent.

The silence was long and deep, for both now became absorbed in thoughts that neither cared to utter. In the mind of Henry there was a sweet, bright image, that was more to him than all the rest he had ever seen and known; and the soul of Isaline was filled with emotions she would not have cared to reveal. The forest was still, the wind had died away, the stars came out bright in the vault above, and nothing could be heard but the steady roar of the waters, as they swiftly rolled through their channel around the point of the projecting rock.

Suddenly both were startled by a strange sound, like the hooting of an owl. It might be only the cry of that night-bird, but it recalled both from their dream-like reveries to a sense of their lonely, perilous and defenceless situation.

"If you are able to continue the journey, dear Isaline, it is time we were leaving this place," whispered Henry.

"Yes! yes!" she returned, cautiously rising to her feet; "let us leave here, Henry—let us leave here at once!"

"Follow me then," he rejoined, also rising and beginning to part the bushes, "and be very careful not to make the slightest sound, for undoubtedly our savage enemies are near us."

He had scarcely advanced a dozen paces, when both were thrilled with horror at a wild, prolonged, quavering shriek, that echoed and re-echoed far away among the gloomy hills!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Purity of Character.—Over the plum and apricot there grows a bloom more delicate and beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush spreads its cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed in jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water on it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from Heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

The Lover.—The lover is a monarch; his heart is the world; he stalks a Colossus, with the little affairs of the universe, the wars, and politics, playing at bo-peep about his legs. With a sigh in his ear, just fresh and palpitating from the bosom of love, and its fellow half-strangled in the throat as it leaps to respond, your lover has neither sense nor comprehension for the dull actualities that other men bruise their patience against. To him, past and present, loss and profit, good and ill, are merged into one sensation; a kiss blots out the universe, and the rapturous ecstasy that tingles in his blood, is light, day, and respiration—the sum of everything which makes up existence.

Time and Money, a Duty.—Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDA', JAN'Y 27, 1866.

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HOW TO GET RICH.

Among the many absorbing questions of the day there is probably none that threads its way through the brain with greater rapidity or more frequent repetition, "How to get rich"—to accumulate, to spend, and be happy, [illegible] to be a part and parcel of our inheritance. The wee things in their cradles learn early the difference between having, and having not. While the eye flashes, and the cheeks redden as they clasp their treasures to the heart, and cry out with all the energy they possess, "It is mine! it is mine!" and if forcibly taken they make war quite as fiercely. The school-boy with his jack-knife, marbles and top, understands by some natural process the essence of addition and multiplication, while his father pats him on the head, and the mother glances down with a look of pride if by a little innocent overreaching a good trade has been effected. The young man, with the down just fringing his chin, turns over the momentous question, and if he is full of animal spirits, fond of adventure, and ready for anything—he finds himself in California, Australia, or some other real or imaginary Eldorado diggings, swearing, fighting, and all to get rich! The man of middle age, after following the alluring meteor through all the petty chicanery of trade, being well versed in all the advantages gained by throwing a false light on whatever he has of traffic, by a happy toss of the ball, a fortunate revolution of the wheel, looks down complacently on lands flowing with oil, or rich in mineral deposits. All his life has he been asking, "How shall I get rich?" And now he is there. Is he any happier? He counts his profits—somebody else has greater, and only the more dissatisfied he looks up to his fortunate neighbor, and still faster, more determined follows the bubble.

How to get rich? Ah! that's the question. Lean near all ye aspirants after gold, here are a few plain rules, which if strictly followed, will bring you an abundance of wealth, independent of the place where you may chance to live. Neither does it make the least difference from what stand-point you begin. Indeed, those that are the lowest not unfrequently meet with the most success. From having less they have less to sacrifice; and you must know this is the first step. Everything must be sacrificed. Mammon is not satisfied with half-worship. Neither does he reward his votaries unless they are sincere soul-worshippers. You must first give up the pleasure of leisure, a cheerful mind, and a free, unsuspicious temper. The fine sense of honor that has characterized you must be laid aside. You must learn to prevaricate, mislead, and elude. Those high and lofty notions of morals must no longer actuate you. You must not trouble yourself to ask, "Is it right? would I like another to do the same by me? or by any member of my family?" Those are too antiquated notions, and while you are thinking of them even "a good chance" might slip through your fingers—or you might fail to push to the wall some poor mortal who lacks the "business tact," on which you so justly pride yourself. You must learn to do hard and unjust things, and the nice embarrassments of a delicate, ingenious spirit must be thrust aside with all haste—you must not show a particle of feeling when you pass the poor miserable victims of want, care and wretchedness, and if you do condescend to speak to them it must only be to grind them still lower under your feet. If they work for you, you must give them the smallest possible sum; their lives are not much, poor and vile looking. Who will miss them? If you have anything to sell you must sell at the highest price. If to buy you must take advantage of the times, and get it at the very smallest figure, stroking your moustache with a soft, tender caress at the bare thought of your own cleverness. How the dollars will roll in. How people will look up to you; prosperity is a great beautifier. Every time you look in the glass you will be charmed with the picture it reflects. Gold is a powerful magnifier, seen through this lens many a virtue is brought to light, that but for this powerful aid would only seem a defect.

With all this, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. True, there is a very old book, a book full of sayings, borrowed, as many people affirm, from Confucius, (although I am persuaded this is not so,) that says, "Whosoever maketh haste to be rich, falleth into many temptations, and a snare." There may be danger, I do not say there is not. I only give you the rules.

But you say, "You will not submit; you feel a spirit above this."

Very well, be above it, only do not murmur that you are not rich.

NEW MUSIC.

"Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." A Christmas Anthem. Dedicated to Rev. James Clark, D. D. Composed by W. L. Plato. Published D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

"Lulu Bell." Published by D. P. Faulds.

"Gloria Patri." Arranged from Mozart by E. W. Gunter, organist of St. Paul's. Published by D. P. Faulds.

"Erin Must be Free." By Will S. Hays. Published by D. P. Faulds.

"Southern Girls' Polka. By Charles Heller.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Houses are plenty, but there are very few homes," said a benevolent man who had spent the day in making friendly calls. "Go where you will among the rich, or comfortably poor—it's all the same; home comforts are little thought of." Knowing him to be a genial, whole-souled man, the words sounded strangely at variance with his every-day life, and we ventured to inquire to what he had reference.

"Only this," and he threw himself down in the arm-chair before the grate, and held out his hands to the warm, bright fire; "only this, that display, and what will people think of us? are as natural to one class as another. I have seen to-day what makes my heart ache. These show-rooms, commonly called parlors, fitted up luxuriantly, carpets, curtains, mirrors, vases, paintings, in fine, all the *bijou* of a lifetime; everything that is good, pretty and valuable is brought into the parlor, and, if they study economy closely, keep it nicely covered with some plain, brown stuff, not for use, but merely to hide the dust that would otherwise accumulate, this room being the test of the wealth, pride and taste of the family. Every house that I have entered to-day has been of this stamp, save one—the *modus operandi* just the same. A ring at the door brings the servant; through the hall into the parlor, cold, chill, dimly lighted, the feeling is not as though in a cathedral but in a monastery; the pattering of little feet—but far away—light laughter, perhaps, but it is in another part of the habitation. Presently a rustle of silk, and the one or more ladies enter radiant with smiles, blushes, and beauty. Conversation goes on pleasantly, nothing could be happier. Not long before a laughing, frolicsome, curly-headed child, with a face all sunshine, presses in at the slightly open door. 'Freddy, run back, ma is engaged now.' 'Freddy wants to see you,' and he runs to his mother's chair. We try to speak to him, for his voice has touched a string in the heart that vibrates to the old time, when just such another bright, winsome little boy made music in our hearts, and in our home. But no; ma cannot allow this. 'Freddy is not dressed;' and half crying, half defiant, with his little, fat, dimpled hand over his face, Freddy is led out, leaving the room colder, gloomier than it was before. Depositing her treasure in some secure place, the mother returns, but the spirit of conversation has departed, there's a shadow on my own brow and anxiety on hers. The call is made, ended—we have entered the house, but not the home. I begin to think there are not many homes."

We waited for him to recover his breath, and then said: "There was one other."

"Yes," and the good man had suddenly regained his vivacity. "You should have seen Mrs. Aston—it was a picture for a lifetime. I don't wonder Aston is rising in the world. It's worth while to work, when evening welcomes a man to such a paradise. The first ring brought a smart, tidy servant, who showed me at once into Mrs. Aston's presence. She met me with a glad, sweet smile, while she said, naively, 'You must excuse me; this is our parlor; we cannot afford expensive things, but both Mr. Aston and myself like bright, cheerful rooms; and then I think it improves the taste of the children; from being accustomed to the best we have at home, they are less awkward when they see something better; and as we receive none but our friends, we take it for granted they want to see the children also.' Here the baby began to crow and clap its little hands, while another was coaxed without too much timidity to my knee. It was as Mrs. Aston said. I was anxious to see the children. Mr. Aston is the only son of one of my college friends, and was himself a warm friend and close companion of my own lost Mary.

"A careful mother, Mrs. Aston could converse quite as well as any lady that I had met. A delicate ruffle fell through her fingers as she looked up archly, showing a just appreciation, and understanding of all the questions of the day. She was well versed in society, and still found plenty of time to read, as well as to use her pen.

"'Do you find as much time to write as you used to?' we ventured to remark.

"'Oh, yes, with a methodical arrangement of time, giving each its exact space, I do not find that my new duties interfere with former habits of study.'

"'Then you do not agree with some of the sisterhood, that to be a wife is to say good-by to all mental improvement.'

"'On the contrary, I have never made so much advance before. We devote two evenings in the week to reading aloud—and you would be surprised to see how many books we have finished. We do not have any idle moments and by giving each a place, it is all done easily.'

"She arose to put baby in her crib, and I saw that Blackwood, the Atlantic, and Harper, with others of like nature, covered her table; also through the half-open door into a larger, and what would be in summer a pleasanter room—a large book-case—well filled.

"It was my idea of a home, bright, cheerful, happy. A place where the husband could come for rest, quiet, happiness. The saloon will not have any attractions for Mr. Aston.

"The Club will not win him; his home is a foretaste of that Heaven which is to come—and he will not leave it." L. B.

ELECTROPATHY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"I have given you my experience, sir," said I, feeling that all through my long harangue the old gentleman had only been thinking up objections.

"Yes, I know, I know, it's just so always with specialities—they profess to cure everything. Look in your daily papers—see what marvellous cures they announce."

"But this, sir, I *know.* I have suffered all my life with a nervous disease, prostrating me at times for weeks. Nothing has helped me—not even the yellow-fever, which I took something against my will. Only some fifteen or twenty treatments by Dr. Stevens have seemed to make me almost a new creature."

"More likely faith," said he.

"Faith had perhaps something to do with it, but electricity more. Have I not known a boy of fourteen go there bent and weak like an old man—so prostrated by disease, that voice and hearing were partially lost—and that boy, since my last visit has gone away, cured."

"And you know that?"

"To be sure I do. It is nature's cure. We all admit that the atmosphere is full of electricity. Every part of the visible universe is pervaded by its presence. Reason teaches us, therefore, that it acts as a vital force in the preservation of animal life. Hence, when this force is rightly applied to the human frame, the blood being sufficiently active to control the heart, its influence must be felt. It is clear that it is not a mere surface influence. Although its operations may and do operate upon the surface-muscles, and tingle the nerves, if sufficient power is used, yet they penetrate deeper than this, even to the very centre and source of life. Why should not this force, properly applied, become a useful remedial agent? I believe it is—and that it ought to be received as a blessing."

"Why don't we hear more about these things?"

"Precisely because the doctor will not advertise."

"And so you intend to sound the trumpet for him."

"As far and as loud as I can. Not so much for Doctor Stevens as for suffering humanity at large. I know him to be calm, experienced, and judicious. I have seen cases of aggravated disease, cured by his method. I know there are many, living sedentary lives, as I do, who would be thankful if the boon of health could be found, without being under obligation to take continuous draughts of medicine. I know the public will have confidence in what I say. I never used my pen before, to my knowledge, to bring any system of cure before the public—but I want suffering women to know that this method *does cure* even diseases of life-long standing. Your rheumatism would yield, I am sure—and your poor daughter's cough, for which, she told me once, she has taken seven gallons of cod-liver oil—might be cured. A friend of mine went there, for hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor gave her but little hope—but the hemorrhage has ceased—the cough has gone—and it will be a cure."

The old man grew thoughtful as I talked. At last he said,

"I'll take a card, anyhow."

I gave him one, "Dr. Stevens, Electropathic Physician, 1638 Vine street." That was some weeks ago. Yesterday I met him. He smiled in his queer old way.

"Did he help you?"

"Well, I do'no. I aint slept a whole night before for ten years, but I must say, that for a fortnight back, I've had good, refreshing slumber. I rather think the electricity has done it."

Of course it had. It helps in almost every case. Mary A. Denison.

Philadelphia.

Confession of a Suicide.

An old man, who committed suicide by strangulation, in Paris, on the 27th ult., left the following document among his papers, headed, "The Mystery of My Life:"

"I belong to a very good family; I was well brought up. Fatally for myself, I adopted as my device the Italian maxim—'*Chi va piano va sano.*' I know now that on the contrary no man should leave for to-morrow what he can do to-day. For my part, I believed that before doing anything it was necessary to deliberate long and maturely; and the consequence was that all I took part in turned out unsuccessful.

"By this mania of postponement, and this dilatoriness of execution, I injured my fortune, I forfeited an important situation, and missed ten marriages. I have broken with all my friends, because I never could return a visit in proper time, pay back an act of politeness, nor keep an appointment, and I was always an hour too late. I had excellent servants, but I never was well served, because I was never ready to be served. I thought myself extremely prudent, and I always found myself in a false or a difficult position.

"After long and profound reflection, I am now convinced that my constant habit of putting off everything was but a pretext; and that my real character was one of selfishness and sloth; and that I sought to hide, or to cover, that double vice with a fictitious virtue. I was deterred by the fear of fatigue, by my disgust to bodily and mental exertions, by the indulgence of continuous and lethargic repose. Such is the true cause of the vexations which I have constantly experienced. I believe the judgment I now pass upon myself to be correct. At my age I am on the brink of the grave. The thought of self-murder has come upon me, and as for once in my life I mean to take an energetic resolution, and not to postpone it—I hang myself."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Towards the Mountains—A Triple Alliance—Up Hill Work—Way-Side Wonders—Adios Buenos Ayres.

We might have remained another year, or ten, or the remainder of our lives in the regions about Mendoza—the most delightful in scenery and climate, and most generous in productions of all the La Platan provinces—with pleasure, and undoubtedly far more profit pecuniarily, than to go scrambling up and over the "Cordilleras," and then vagabondizing northward as we did, in time along the whole length of the great Pacific Slope, terminating our wanderings as joint-stock strollers at the equatorial city of Quito.

But three of our number had been before on the "West Coast"—something in the interior, seeing just sufficient of Chile, Bolivia, Peru and Equador, to render us restless until we should have seen a great deal more, and then our whole party, the female portion of it especially, taking the Pacific Slope fever from our incautious eloquence, became impatient to get a first glimpse at a country that Prescott and Stevens have made classic.

So when the southern spring was well set in, and there would be no longer any danger of snow-drifts along the loftiest route that we should traverse in journeying towards Santiago, we made our exodus from Mendoza on the 18th of December, as I am reminded by a glance at my journal, joining a caravan that had come through from Buenos Ayres, bound for Valparaiso, and had waited ten days in Mendoza on our account—not that we needed the companionship of the caravansieros, but they, not being numerous or very efficiently armed, and Chile at that particular time being in a state of South American revolution, the mountain passes were none of the safest for small parties, and so the caravan had halted for the benefit of our escort as far as Santiago, from whence to Valparaiso the road was, as a rule, safe enough.

It was an hour before sunrise when we set our faces towards the mountains, and had there been but our equestrian party—the road being in capital condition, and for the first forty miles, no very serious ascent, we should have reached the Chilean frontier before sleeping, though the march of fifty odd miles would have carried us several hours into the night. But Buenos Ayrean carts hauled by horned cattle, are the slowest of all slow coaches, and we had ample leisure to revel in the varied beauties of the lovely landscape, changing at every turn of the winding way, and every new scene seeming like the magic pictures of the kaleidoscope more enchanting than those we had left behind us.

Thus engaged we were nothing impatient, and the snail's speed with which we approached the base of the everlasting Andes, so well satisfied us that three times during the day we voted the sentiment unanimously:—"What a blessing ox-cart caravans are," and what a bore a forty-mile an hour railway train would be, flashing one through such a paradise, making it all into a greenish blue blur, blotting out everything beautiful, sacrificing Nature's loveliness to commercial expediency.

At sun down we had achieved a journey of twenty-three miles by the winding way, fifteen I should say as the crow flies, and an altitude of something more than six hundred feet above Mendoza, which was from our elevated position distinctly visible in the general view, but all details and constrasts were so blended, that the white walls and red tiled roofs mingling in a new shade, made the city of Mendoza look in the distance, very like a patch of dingy orange-colored cloth set a territory of green baize.

The lazy-going bullocks might have stretched out our day's journey to thirty miles within a reasonable hour, but the position gained was the last unobstructed look-out we should find from which we could take in a wide range of South America in the east, embracing cities, villages, estancias, pampas, rivers, and all the varied beauties of the Buenos Ayrean landscape, and as the weather was clear and mild, the atmosphere balmy as early June in the United States, and the moon would rise at full, we went into bivouac at an early hour, determined to enjoy to the utmost, our last night in the last province of the Rio de la Plata that possibly we should ever put our feet in.

Our Buenos Ayrean friends and fellow-voyagers, being all unusually socially inclined, generous, as Spanish American travellers almost invariably are, and something interested in securing our friendship beyond all question, had insisted upon our supping with them *en famile*, and the invitation being accepted, the supper set out, and the whole company set down, we were beginning to eat, drink and be merry as travellers need be, when like a flash there came an interruption and alarm that set every one in end in a second, and the Buenos Ayrean dons scampering to their carts for arms. As for ourselves we had long before learned while abroad on such a tramp, never to lie down to sleep, sit down to eat, or lounge anywhere to rest either by day or night, without our weapons within convenient reach.

The interruption was a hurried tramp of fast-ridden horses in the distance up the way towards the mountains, then a rattling volley of fire-arms, yells, shouts, and clatter of hoofs close at hand, and an avalanche of armed men and plunging animals driving down the road and almost overwhelming our bivouac.

It was a mistake all round. We discovered it at the first glance, the noisy fighters at the second one, as soon as they came out from the shadow of the forest into the open glade, and the clear light of the full moon.

A party of our Buenos Ayrean friends, all cavallieros and travelling on horseback towards Santiago, had encountered just as they were camping, some two leagues up the road, a detachment of mounted Mendocinian soldiers, outnumbering their party four to one, and mutually mistaking each other for a band of notorious Chilano and Buenos Ayrean desperadoes, who had for several months infested the eastern passes of the Cordilleras, a collision had occurred, shots exchanged, and a summons of the Mendocinians to surrender, being misunderstood by the Buenos Ayreans for "stand, and deliver," they had taken to flight down the road, firing occasionally as they fled, and the race was continued until both parties drove headlong, helter skelter in among us, seriously disturbing our supper party, and somewhat disconcerting our Buenos Ayrean friends, more than half of whom were females, none of them prepared for any and all emergencies as our own party invariably were.

However, there was no one hurt, and an explanation following the fright, everybody laughed, the new comers, *saldados* and cavillieros, were invited to share our supper and bivouac, and in a little time there was feasting and hilarity again, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt our entertainment and amusement.

The Buenos Ayrean gentlemen were all men of wealth and position in society, most of them merchants and business men, more than half the number personal acquaintances, and all journeying towards Santiago *en cavalcade* on business. So as our road and destination was a common one, and our new friends *bon compagnons* every one, we formed before midnight a triple alliance, the cavillieros, caravansieros, and our party proper of wandering vagabonds, agreeing to stand by each other either defensive, or offensively, as exigences should require as far as the Chilean capital. This matter having been satisfactorily settled, the remainder of the lovely moonlight night was devoted to the usual way-side amusements of South American travellers wherever the Spanish element predominates in the party—music of flute, guitar, and clicking castanets, love ditties and brave old mulatiero's songs, with many a merry and fantastic dance, being the favorite pastime of the majority, while those less boisterously inclined, passed the hours in social chat, or revelled in the enchanting moonlight diorama.

An hour before daylight we had made our last meal on Buenos Ayrean soil—the bullocks were put to the carts, cavillieros, saldadoes, Bohemians and sonoras were in the saddle, and as dawn fairly took the place of moonlight, we bade *adios* to our Mendoza soldier acquaintances, and resumed our journey.

We saw nothing of the first three leagues of the road which was somehow got over by the tedious, lumbering carts in about four hours. Naturally enough we were something drowsily disposed after one night's wide-awake revel in Mendoza, and the next one passed without sleep at our mountain bivouac. So as there was abundance of room in the huge carts to accommodate us all, we accepted the invitation to share it with our caravansiero friends, we gave our horses in charge of our *peon* attendants, and crawling into the monstrous vehicles—men and women—we disposed ourselves pretty promiscuously among senoras, senoritas, dons, *meminas*, ducks and chickens, and slept off four hours of the day and three leagues of the way quite as soundly as if we had been laid out on the most inviting bed in Christendom.

There was a general *rising* of all parties all along the line of carts, induced something abruptly by a hideous blats of all the immense tin trumpets borne by the whole mulatiero force and nearly every one of our *peon* attendants. The explanation given to our inquiries was that the furious blasts from the orchestra of tin horns, blew away the mountain demons that always opposed the passage of the caravan at that particular point, where the grade began to be uncomfortably steep.

How much virtue there might have been in that two hours tooting I have no idea, beyond that the caretieros, peons, and perhaps the bullocks, had faith in its efficacy, and therefore went more willingly at their tedious, up-hill work. But I am sure if hobgobblins' ears are as sensitive to horrid sounds as those of ordinary mortals, there could not have been a lingering highway demon or devil found within three leagues of the passing caravan. One fact was clear beyond all question—the discordant tooters had blasted every idea of sleep out of our heads for the remainder of that day.

It was weary, up-hill work for two leagues or so after we were thus summarily blasted wide awake and blown out of bed, but we conquered the pitch along towards noon, gaining the first plateau stretching out in a northwestern direction, having close along our right hand side the lower Andean wall—a sheer ledge, at most points perpendicular, and in many rising as regularly as a wall of artificial masonry, four, five, and six hundred feet above our heads.

Along the course of this immense rampart we came during the afternoon to several of the wayside wonders, of which we had often enough heard veteran *voyageurs* of the Cordilleras speak, always allowing, however, one-half the wonder for the stretch of travellers' fancy—which circumstance reminds me that the prudent plan for myself would be to go by the "wonders" without noticing them at all. But finding them jotted down in my journal, from which I am drawing my material, I shall venture to make a transcript in brief, with the assurance to the reader that I have neither object or interest in drawing upon his or her credulity.

After having passed some two leagues along the immense wall on our right we came to a cascade, so singularly beautiful, that separating ourselves from our Spanish fellow travellers, who seemed to take but slight interest in anything grand, beautiful, or unusual in nature, we rode away to the right a distance of about a mile, in order to make more intimately the acquaintance of the wonderful waterfall and its belongings—one of which was one of the "way-side wonders" of the Cordilleras.

Through a cleft, or rather an irregular tunnel, at least three hundred feet above our heads, there leaped out from the face of the cliff, horizontally, a column or shaft of water, white and foaming, as if shot out into the air from the tube of some mighty engine. At the distance of perhaps fifteen feet from the orifice the jet of water bent abruptly in a short curve, falling perpendicular in almost a solid column two-thirds of the distance to the base of the cliff, at which point a second shaft of less than half the volume of the upper one, shot out from a projecting shelf in a stream along the face of the cliff, horizontally, impinging upon the descending column on its inner circumference with so powerful a stroke, that mingling its water with the larger stream, the whole column from that point downward assumes a rapid, rotary motion, forming itself into an immense liquid screw, almost as regular as the hand of man ever fashioned from metal.

At the base of the waterfall there was a circular basin, in its position differing from anything we had ever seen or read of in as much as the whole diameter of the pool was one side of the centre of the foot of the revolving water column, which falling on the rim of the basin, poured in over a fall of perhaps three feet, sending the water in the bowl round in a whirling vortex, in a direction the reverse of the perpendicular screw, and with a velocity about equal to it. On the outer rim of the bowl from the base of the cliff, was an outlet through which the water flowed in a clear, crystal stream off across the plateau and down the lower descent of the mountain to the eastward.

In all, we saw and visited eight of these singular cascades within a stretch of two leagues, and about equidistant from each other along the great wall. They have their supply of water from the snows melting in the more elevated regions, and are only found in play from about the first of December til the middle of January, remaining dry the remainder of the year. We happened to find them in full tide and beauty. The Spaniards of the country call these singular cascades and whirling basins:—*La teteros de Santos.* The Saints' *Teapots.*

Well, they are monstrous queer teapots for either saints or sinners, but the philosophy of those liquid screws and reverse motion of the whirling basins has always been a blind puzzle to me. I can only say of the Andean wayside wonders as the passing Spanish traveller often does—"*Cosa rara.*" Droll affair.

A league to the northwest of the last of these whirling waterfalls we came to the monument and stone cross marking the boundary line between the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata and Chile, and having an unobstructed view down upon and far across the Mendocinian pampas, we came to a halt, uncovered our heads, and making our solemn salaams towards the East, we said—some of us in tones of regret:

"*Adios Buenos Ayres.*"

A Beautiful Wheeler & Wilson.

Mr. Editor, Please let a glad soul rehearse—
And do not, I pray you, repel her—
In imperfect rhyme and very poor verse,
What a pleasant surprise late befell her,
By receiving a Wheeler & Wilson—
A beautiful Wheeler & Wilson—
A useful, symmetrical, love of a thing,
Was this charming new Wheeler & Wilson.

A machine I must have, that was settled point blank;
And no sooner said than 'was done, sir,
For it duly arrived the next day at two—
A beauty, and marked number one, sir.
I danced and I sang, though I never before
Had danced in the course of my life, sir;
But where on this boundless American shore
Was another such gratified wife, sir?

I put on my bonnet as quick as a flash,
And called on my friends and my neighbors,
And begged them to come; and they came with a rush
To view the result of my labors.
My work was cut out, and basted, then seamed,
Before you could say Jacky Horner,
While my bright little parlor friend glistened and gleamed,
An ornament up in the corner.

My sewing accomplished, my clothing all made,
I had plenty of time now to spare, sir—
To read or to visit, to walk or to ride,
With scarcely a burden or care, sir.
And then I bethought me, while sitting alone,
Of our soldiers, and how much they needed,
And how many garments might well have been made
In the time that had passed by unheeded.

I thought, and then acted, and lightly my heart
Beat time while my needle was clicking,
While puss lay asleep on the rug by the fire,
And the clock on the mantle was ticking.
The work still progresses, the garments are made,
Inspected and boxed, by Aunt Hannah;
Then sent to our boys—all sizes and sorts,
And red, white and blue, like our banner.

And, dear Mr. Editor, let me remark
That my conscience was never so clear, sir,
My spirits so light, my health so improved,
Or my husband and children so dear, sir;
All by owning a Wheeler & Wilson,
A beautiful Wheeler & Wilson—
A useful, symmetrical, love of a thing,
Was my charming new Wheeler & Wilson.

Women in Paraguay.

The author of "Sketches in Paraguay" gives us this fragrant morsel:—Everybody smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put the tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly except when eating, and, instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongues and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich, red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin, and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while with the fair taper fingers of the other she draws from her mouth a brownish-black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and, depositing the savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face, and is ready for your salute. I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *savoco* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty for his sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, where you are, perforce of custom, obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences. You would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery—even the double-distilled "honey dew" of old Virginia.

A COOL WALK BY A SOMNAMBULIST.—About two o'clock on Tuesday morning, as a young man was going home past the new Congregational Church, Pudsey, he was startled by the appearance of a ghostly figure in white, as if it had come out of the adjoining graveyard. Whether it was a "creation of the heat-oppressed brain" (as he was just coming from a public-house), or a veritable reality, he could not tell. However, he mustered courage to approach the dreadful object, which he discovered to be a young woman fast asleep. She had on only a night-dress, and, on being awake, screamed on finding herself in the street. She was taken to a house near and supplied with clothing, and then accompanied home. She had walked more than half a mile in her sleep, had got out of bed in a dream, unlocked the door, and started upon her nocturnal journey without having been discovered by any of the family.—*Leeds Mercury.*

FEAR.—What a strange thing is the fear of death. Death is a necessary end, and will come when it will come, and yet are men ever afraid of it, because perhaps they never prepare for it.

REBUKE.—A loving friend's rebuke sinks into the heart, and convinces the judgment; an enemy's or stranger's rebuke is invective and irritates, not converts.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

Splendid Array of Contributors.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A Tale of The Backwoods.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
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The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

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[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS—Our terms are the same as those for that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when it is so desired, and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12; Twenty (and one gratis) $28. One copy each of THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

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BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—A lady of culture, refinement and unusual powers of observation and comparison became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would, at the same time, "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quieter than after eating any other kind of food.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

The Etymology of Words—Remarkable old Sayings and Quaint Expressions peculiar to all Ages and Nations—Customs, and Proverbs—Origin of Music, the Stage, and the Drama—Curiosities of Literature, Biblical Statistics, &c., &c., &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JAMES REES.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by James Rees, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

EASY AS TO SAY JACK ROBINSON.

This expression is traced to Mr. Fox, who in the course of a speech in the House of Lords, when he was enlarging on some matters appertaining to Government, made a direct allusion to an individual, whom he accused of being a manager of the House of Commons. A general cry followed this charge, of "Name him, name him." "No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him—though I might do it as easily as to say "Jack Robinson;" John Robinson was really his name.

I CONFESS THE CAPS.

This expression is used in Shakspeare's "Taming The Shrew," where Grumio, who is under examination about the gown, denies all and every allegation except the Cape, to which charge he answers, "*I confess the Cape.*"

THE ORIGIN OF SAYING AMEN

At the end of a prayer, and from whence that word is derived.

The word *Amen* is of Hebrew origin, primarily importing *Verity*, whence, as ancient writers observe, it passes into a particle of depending and assenting; and therefore, at the end of a petition, signifies *be it so.* And this gives us the reason why we are to conclude our prayers with so appropriate a word, being a summary repetition of the preceding prayer.

UNDER THE ROSE.

According to mythological fable, a rose was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, as a bribe. In ancient days it was the custom to place a rose at the doors of temples, or any place where secrecy was intended.

HARUM SCARUM

Is used adjectively for giddy, thoughtless. The significant portions seems to be *scarum*, from the verb to scare, as a "harum-scarum person," is one who acts wildly, as if he scared, or so to scare others by his thoughtless violence.

PELL-MELL.

"Never yet did insurrection want
Such moody beggars, starving for a time
Of *pell-mell* havoc and confusion.
Third Part Henry VI., a. 11: sc. 2.

This word is derived from the French *pêle mêle*, and is generally regarded as a compound.

PLEASE THE PIGS.

The origin of the phrase, or as it is more frequently used, "*Yes, Please the Pigs,*" and "*An't please the Pigs,*" is somewhat obscure. A writer for the London Gentleman's Magazine, 1785, renders it still more so, by the following very *lucid* explanation:—"The expression, 'An't Please the Pigs,' is a peculiarity of dialect, a corruption of a word, and a common figure, called a metonymy. For, in the first place, *as* in the midland counties is used for *if*; and pigs is most assuredly a corruption of Pyx, (from Pyxis,) a vessel in which the Host is kept in Roman Catholic countries. In the last place the vessel is substituted for the Host itself, by an easy metonymy, in the same manner as when we speak of the sense of the house, we do not mean to ascribe sense to bricks and stones, but to a certain number of representatives. The expression therefore means no more than *Deo volente*, or as it is translated into modern English, 'God willing.' We presume from this came 'Please the Pigs,' but by what process of reasoning we are unable to discover."

FRESH FROM THE MINT.

This phrase, dates origin with that of "*spick and span new,*" the meaning of which is obvious, though the words want explanation, and which, we presume, are a corruption of the Italian "*spicante da la spanna,*" snatched from the hand; *opus ablatum incude*, or according to another expression, "*Fresh from the Mint.*"

SPAN NEW.

"This tale was aye *span new* to begine."
Shaks.

This word is evidently from *spin*, as in the old rhyme,

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Spick and span new means new from the warehouse and the loom; from the Dutch *spick splinter—nieuw.* In German they say *span neu*, and "*funcken neu.*" *Spange* means anything shining, as *funcken* means to glitter or sparkle. In English we say—"Spick and span new"—"fire new," brand new.

Sir John Stoddart says, "Spick and span may possibly have been first applied to a lance new both in the *spike* (the pointed head) and in the *span* or handle." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE engine of a passenger train on the Harrison branch of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, recently struck a man who was foolishly attempting to cross the track a few feet in advance of the train, which was going at a high rate of speed—nearly forty miles per hour. Just as he was in the act of springing, in bounding across the track, the cowcatcher, over the pilot, struck him in the side, launching him twenty feet into the air, and throwing him through a fall of thirty feet into the bed of the canal, at the side of the track. As soon as possible, the train was backed up to the spot, and the conductor ran to the man's assistance. He was somewhat surprised, however, to find that the track-crossing individual had already gained his feet, and was vigorously heaping imprecations on the "cursed thing" for scratching him so roughly.

☞ There is a woman in Charlestown, New Hampshire, who has a collection of tame toads in her yard. They know their mistress, follow her about, and hop in her lap to be fed, and are tenderly cared for.

HUMAN CREDULITY.—Man is an embodied paradox. As some set-off against the marvellous things that he has done, we may fairly adduce the monstrous ones that he has believed.

REQUIEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY IRENE S. BOYNTON.

I can hear a sound of weeping
In the air,
And a murmur choked and broken
Of a prayer.
I can feel the troubled sweeping
Of their breath,
As they marvel at my sleeping
(So like death)
In a slow and sad repeating:
This is death—
With a shuddering awe repeating
'Tis the mystery of death.

But I know that I am happy
In this sleep,
Drowned within this wave of slumber
Still and deep—
Pure and sweet.
Where the Lethes of forever
From all memories doth discover
Weary laden souls that never
Wake to weep.
Heavy burdened souls that never
Dream and wake and pray to weep.

Oh! the respite I have gotten
In this rest.
All the weariness forgotten
At my breast.
Never more to doubt and question
Life's behest.
Never more to vainly borrow
Thoughts from out the dread to-morrow,
Wildly weep or sadly sorrow
Best or blest,
With a sad regret to sorrow
For the loved and sainted best.

Press no more the wolds and moorlands,
Weary feet.
Thrill no more the heart of passion,
Spirit beat.
Years can never mete forever,
Howe'er fleet.
Of this sleep that is unbroken,
Of this rest that is unspoken,
Be my peacefulness a token,
Death is sweet.
A most radiant sign and token
That the name of Death is sweet.

In the pitiless hereafter
Moons will wane,
And the days and nights will echo
The refrain
Of the song the years are wailing
In their pain,
Of the chorus I shall never
Join again.
But within the churchyard lonely
I shall catch the music only
Of the rain.
Of the murmur of the lilies
In an issue with the rain.
Fairest, golden petaled lilies,
Planting of the summer rain.

And begotten of the spirit,
Oh, what dreams
Of an iridescent Aether's
Dazzling beams.
And an all enduring city's
Golden gleams.
Of a land that is supernal,
By a spirit named Eternal;
And its streams
Mirror the blue eyes of angels
As they walk beside the streams,
As they breathe the soul of incense
By the happy, singing streams.

Folded hands and closed eyelids
As in prayer;
With an odorous bloom of lilies
In my hair.
Is not, is not this Destroyer
Passing fair?
Sweetest fragrance round me flowing,
Gentlest breezes round me blowing,
All the unseen shores bestowing
Perfumed air;
Dim and distant shores bestowing
Sweet distillment to the air.

Narrow, rapless, all victorious
In this bed;
But One Risen left a halo
Round it shed;
Tuneful voices chant melodious
Happy dead.
And my soul is nowise shaken,
In this flight that it has taken,
Never to unrest to waken
From the dead.
But with this new joy of beating—
In this ecstasy of beating—
It has thrilled the strain, repeating
Blessed, blessed are the dead,
Silent, sleeping, happy dead.

MISS REGALAN'S GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

PART I.

Miss Regalan was a "queer old lady." In girlhood she had been a beauty. Her good looks had come from the maternal side, for her papa might be described as a vegetable gentleman, afflicted by nature with a beety nose, carrotty hair, and a general parsnipy tone of complexion. The bright hazel eyes, dark locks, and pretty little features of Mrs. Regalan had perpetuated themselves in the daughter upon whom she had bestowed the euphonious appellation of Rosalba, and when a ruthless attack of the small-pox riddled the rosy cheeks and dimmed the lustrous orbs, the shock to that romantically-named lady was such that she retired into a determined state of old-maidism.

I believe in old maids as a special blessing. Miss Rosalba's old maidenhood was of that mild and inoffensive character which neither assumes the shape of strong mindedness, charity schools, adoption of cats nor absolute glaring upon fellow creatures in the shape of men. Benevolence became the outlet to all the old lady's affections, and, by a thousand sources, the single fortune left by Mr. Regalan at his death achieved the only remaining purpose of his daughter's existence; confirmed.

The only colour that the fair Rosalba had ever had, that one whom she had hereditarily declined to "terrify for the remainder of his days" with her damaged complexion and generally deteriorated exterior, had departed this life at a hale old age. Miss Rosalba's renouncement of him not having broken his heart—though it left a wound there—he handed down a well-deserved name for benevolence, as discriminating as it was unwearied.

"He always remembered the poor," murmured the gentle old lady to herself, nodding—in the direction of a miniature suspended above the mantle-piece in her bed-chamber—that cap which evinced to society at large how far eccentricity in millinery can be carried. "He always remembered the poor, and the bread often cast upon the waters always came back after many days."

She took from the desk which she had drawn towards her a slip of paper, on which was written: "I have discovered three cases such as will meet your view. *They are urgent*, none can wait. I enclose particulars and numbers of residences, as well as names. You cannot go wrong. PETER PARKMAN."

Miss Rosalba rose, passed to a bureau at the farther end of the room, brought forth a roll of notes, and—once more perusing the slip of paper on which her "man of business," the manager of her property, had traced the lines by which she resolved to be guided—she enclosed in three different envelopes three notes of one hundred dollars.

* * * * * *

Whether it was that Bridget O'Rorke really did squint, or whether that idea was merely suggested to the mind of the observer by a dark concentration of freckles over the bridge of the nose, which sombre cluster rivuletted itself more particularly to the left, certain it is that the Angel of Mercy, as represented that evening, by said Bridget was—not lovely, however welcome.

* * * * * *

Little Nettie Willford sat near the fire, with her hands upon her knees, "looking for diamonds" among the flames. What worlds of fancy the poor consumptive child wrought out of the salamander-element, who shall say? She was a breathing poem, which the earthly readers—to whose perusal it had been trusted—could not read aright, but she had her invisible companions, and Nettie, with them, was never lonely.

Her moody brother, Jasper, sat beside the fire, not as usual silent, and leaving Nettie to her unseen friends, but with both hands buried in his hair, and groaning in bitterness of spirit. "If Parkman has found me out, I am ruined! and yet it is the first false step he led me, that false friend, Grant, led me to this. Ah! if I could but retrieve it ere it is too late it would be the last. The agony of to-night is more than enough!"

Nettie had risen from the little arm-chair in which her life were its frail thread away day after day, and knelt beside her brother, sweeping his hands with the long golden locks that like a crown of rays rose above her seraphic face and flooded her emaciated shoulders with light. "Henry Grant is not good, he is not good," she murmured, "I do not like him," and she pressed her thin hands to her heart with a sigh.

"A note for you, Miss Nettie," said the only servant the Willford establishment had at its disposal—a fact the more easily accounted for by there being but three rooms in that establishment itself—and the girl of all work placed an envelope upon the child's knee. It contained a note for a hundred dollars and the words: "The wages of sin is death—save your brother.

"AN UNKNOWN FRIEND."

Nettie laid the note and the written paper upon the table beside her brother. His head had sunk despairingly upon it, and his frame shook with suppressed agony. This was the turning point in Jasper Willford's life, and his Maker had not forsaken him.

"Anything," he murmured, "but a breach of faith. Anything but to have been led into that, to have been gulled, blinded, doped into serving Grant's purpose! Parkham returns to-morrow, but there is yet time. Had I the money now I could replace it, but how can—Nettie, have we nothing left? Is there nothing more that we can sell? No, no, all is gone, even the little watch my mother left you, I've sold even that, there's no hope. Nettie," here he rose and came towards her, "your brother is a disgraced man. If you hear me blamed for what I am about to do, for I cannot endure dishonor, say to one and all"—here his eyes glared with rising fever, and his voice assumed the wild, incoherent utterance of delirium—"say to all that it was the false friend we have received and made—we thought—our brother, that lured me to my ruin. Nettie, this is a cowardly desertion, but you—when I am dead, Nettie—will remember—"

"Read the good letter, brother," said Nettie, pushing the envelope towards him. Her face was very pale. Jasper seized it and perused the lines. A rain of blinding tears relieved the tension of his brain, and Miss Rosalba's first gift had done its errand of mercy.

The next day saw Jasper Willford a free man again. That night had done such work that temptation could no more grasp a mind naturally noble, nor affect the tenor of a life which that hard lesson diverted from the paths of vice. How few pause on the *very descent!* How many does one false step *lead*, rather than lead into the gulf! This one was saved.

The little canary bird that sings in Nettie's window was purchased on that day, and if persons wonder—perhaps Nettie herself, for she never knew to whom Jasper owed his social salvation—at the brightness of Miss Rosalba's eyes, when she trips by the window with a step that is buoyant in spite of her fifty years, the secret may be found in Bridget's penetration in declaring, "Shure and there must have been something well worth the trouble of carrying in the little yellow paper, for there was never a bird in that window before."

PART II.

"On the brain, did you say, Martha?" asked Mrs. Sumner, with a gasp.

The old woman, who held the apparently dying child—the only son of Elinor Sumner—upon her knees, only nodded her head in reply.

"But not yet," murmured the agonized mother, "he has been ill so short a time?"

"I tell you he will die, if there is not a doctor here within half an hour."

"Die, and not know one day of happiness, nothing but want and misery since he was born. Oh! Martha! Martha! why did I make that marriage? A gambler, a drunkard—a brute—all that I have forgiven, but I will never pardon him my boy's death and this wretchedness!"

"If he lives he will be his grandfather's heir yet, you'll see that, you'll see it. The old gentleman will come round—"

"But where, how to have a doctor here, in this wretched hole! These rags would deter any one from following me here. It looks, too, like a den of thieves!" and the miserable woman sank again upon her knees.

The child moaned. "Three hours and yet he does not return—I fear his coming, and yet if he saw Willie as he is now, perhaps—"

A loud knock at the door startled the woman. A drunken man broke into the room, bursting open the door, tied across by a rope fastened to two nails.

"The doctor!" gasped Elinor, seizing her husband's arm; but she recoiled instantly as Pierce Sumner, once a gentleman and now an inebriate, reeled into the room.

Well might his wife recoil! A hideous gash across the forehead—oozing blood over the livid countenance—gave the brutalized features a new aspect. The red glare of intoxication was there no more.

With a horrid curse, he plunged forward into the room.

"Done in a fight, Elnor, a fight over the cards! Brandy did halfand cheating the other half in bringing me to desperation. It's too late now to make up for the past. The boy there—his grandfather will—forgive. You, too, Elinor"—here a hideous laugh broke from the dying man—for such he was,—"you, too, can forgive me now; if I have led a bad life, I die a dog's death!"

With these words and a muttered something—the tone was not the same, let us hope it was a prayer—the thing that was once in the likeness of majesty, the man who might have been good and great, the being who had thrown heaven's best gifts to the winds and made his own heart the abode of devils, fell forward, gave one long, terrible, sobbing sigh, and the spirit departed from the body whereby it had been wronged—for sensual appetites had made Sumner the man he was—and the corpse of Elinor's husband lay at her feet.

The boy moaned. The mother pressed her hands once more to her brow—that frenzied gesture was habitual to her now—looked at the insensible heap before her, and without a tear, prepared to summon that aid which the drunkard had forgotten to bring to his suffering child. The old woman also seemed insensible to the death of that man whose hand she had seen raised more than once in anger, above his unoffending wife. More than once blows had fallen and Martha had intervened barely in time to save the life he had threatened when the power of the drink-fiend was upon him.

"It's of little use," said Martha, "who will follow the ragged? who will listen to the wretched? ah! the bright, beautiful boy he was,—if his grandfather could but know! I am sure that now—" and she glanced significantly at the dead drunkard's body.

Elinor, goaded to agony by her boy's danger, crushing down the rebellious yearning that, despite her outward calmness, still would have drawn her to the corpse of the man she had loved, nay, still loved, through all—tottered, bewildered, blind with grief, towards the door. A hand at this moment pushed against it, and a paper, a yellow envelope appeared in the space between the door itself and the wall.

"Is it yourself that is Mrs. Sumner?" asked a Hibernian voice without.

"It may be help! It may be—" gasped Elinor; and she opened the door partly, saying

"I am Mrs. Sumner."

"This is yours, then," said Bridget, for it was that damsel—forcing the paper into Elinor's hand, and beginning to depart down the rickety stairs.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Sumner, who had opened the envelope.

"I'm not to stop—and I'm not to answer no quistions!" was the answer which the retreating Bridget made as she vanished, and muttered to herself. "And a dirty hole it is, to be sure, and glad I am to be well out of it!"

* * * * * *

The attendance of a physician was soon procured. The lamp of life in poor Willie's frame, flickered discouragingly at first—and even when the threatened convulsions were conquered, so debilitated was the boy by insufficient food and bad air, and so scant was his clothing, and so miserable was the lodging, that had not Miss Rosalba's secret gift held out as it did, the child must have expired before it could be removed to a more comfortable abode.

That night's struggle was, however, the crisis.

The hadeous boy who is often seen, so joyously laughing beside his pale, though still lovely mother, as old Mr. Ellis's carriage passes through the Park, is our pallid and then apparently dying Willie. The miserable Sumner once dead and removed from his daughter's path, the father welcomed his daughter once more with open arms, but, for the chance which saved her child from perishing on that wintry night, in that wretched hovel, Elinor, though she even now knows it not, may thank Rosalba Regalan, as the agent of the Omnipotent Power without whose knowledge "not a sparrow falleth."

PART III.

Come, reader, to the saddest still, the darkest despair, the most hopeless is where I will lead you now.

Three young girls, of whom it is difficult to say which is the most beautiful, were crouched together upon the floor of a room so poor, so sordidly hideous that it seemed as if human life must begin to sink beneath every natural want when it could endure in such an atmosphere. The heart must be cramped in such abodes, the soul so trammelled that death even as a mere release must be so welcome as to be diverted of all its terrors.

Helen, Julia and Alice Stevens were orphans. They had struggled bravely until now, and now where starving. No work for their needle, no places even as servants could be had, though gladly would these girls, reared in comfort, have welcomed such situations. They had injudiciously sought the vast city of New York at the death of their only remaining parent, and were without means to return to the country town where they had lived till they had become orphans.

Helen held in her hand a small vial, in that of Alice was another, similar in form and size.

"I must share yours, poor sister," said Julia, the most emaciated and paleet of the group, "I think there is hardly enough for us all."

"The drug is more powerful than you think," replied Alice, "Oh! for one single hope," moaned the girl, "between us and a death like this!"

"I care not now," answered Helen, "starvation, rags, despair, all but dishonor, that we have been spared and that we are threatened with! We can but die."

Alice looked with terror towards the door. The distant step of the proprietor, treading heavily upon the stairs, was heard by Helen, who in her fear had drawn near the door. The miserable abode was that most fearful of all those in which misery shelters its meagre frame, it was a tenement-house, the last resort of the decent poor.

The base wretch with whom their wretched fate had sent them to lodge, was one of those beings to whom innocence and misfortune in its most helpless shape is never sacred. Why, under the pure heavens, beneath the smile of its angels, such beings are permitted to live, is one of the inscrutable mysteries which we are powerless to penetrate.

The steps came nearer. The girls crouched closer to each other. Alice clutched the shoulder of her sister Julia, and Helen hid her face in her hands.

"Have you the money?" growled the landlord, knocking rudely at the door, and shaking it as, receiving no answer, he repeated his question.

"No!" gasped Helen, who was nearest the door. "We have sold everything we own, except the clothes we wear. We have not food to eat, and you refuse us time."

"Yesterday and this morning without food," sobbed Alice.

"I'm used to these here tales. I'm too old a bird to be caught with that there chaff. You're three proud minxes, that's what you are, and out of the house you bundle to-morrow morning, if your rent's not paid, and I don't know now what hinders me putting the whole kit of you in the street to-night."

With this he departed, grumbling still.

The room occupied by the three sisters overlooked the street. The moonlight—for though it was cold, the weather was clear—poured into the room, and flooded the chamber with light.

"We are three cowards," laughed Alice, wildly, "our fate is upon us!" and she raised the drug to her lips.

"Sleep! sleep! dreamless sleep!" murmured Julia.

Helen sobbed bitterly. She was the youngest, the least weakened, physically, by hunger, the least prostrated by mental anguish; the girl loved life still.

Julia divided the morphia into two portions and extended the smallest to Helen. Alice dragged herself on her knees towards the group.

"And shure and is it here the Miss Stevenses lives?" said Bridget O'Rooke, thrusting her head—in all its unparalleled audacity of bonnet—into the room.

The girls started.

"Here's a letter for yees, if yees is the Miss *Stevenses*," repeated Bridget, miffing the noxious air of the room, on which the sickening odor of the subtle drug had stolen already. "Faith," muttered she to herself, "fine mansions to be sure, a living in such a hole as this!" and in conformity to the orders received from Miss Rosalba, the embonadress from Green Erin vanished, unheeding the calls from the third abode which she had visited that night.

* * * * * *

On the following Sunday, three young girls knelt together in the church where an eloquent preacher held forth a doctrine of mercy unto such as have failed in trust in the Lord.

The solemn organ pealed forth its august tones, the evergreens were fresh and bright as hope. The anthem rose:

"Oh, Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Grant us thy peace!"

* * * * * *

Was there a hovering of wings over Rosalba's couch that night, and was it an angel's voice that murmured "This is well!"

Perhaps she only dreamed it.

POOR MEN'S GARDENS.

No warm blossoms stained with rainbow hues,
No crimson flush of petals, heaven-dyed,
No spoils of distant zones and eastern shores,
Snatched from the poisonous woods to feed man's pride;

No spiked and spotted aloes, dagger fenced,
No lilies floating on their leafy raft,
No air plants dappled like great butterflies,
Spice odors from the Orient idles to waft:

But just one little bush of southernwood,
Fragrant and evergreen as honesty,
And clumps of purple hearts-ease rarely found
In rich men's gardens wherever they be.

A plant of marigold, with golden glow,
To spread perennial sunshine o'er the plot,
A winter rose, to bloom when summer's gone,
And cast a gleam of hope when spring's forgot.

Yes, in the poor man's garden often grow
Far more than herbs, or fruit, or pleasant flowers,
Kind thoughts, Contentment, Gratitude, and Love,
And balms and anodynes for weary hours.

"ONLY A LITTLE BOOK."—A simple, but very touching incident, has been related to us, says the Maine Press, in connection with the last moments of a beautiful little girl in Bath, who lately died at the age of nine. A little while before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood around her, watching the last movings of the gentle breath, the last faint fluttering of the little pulse, they became aware, from broken words, that she shrank with natural dread from the unknown way that was opening before her. She had come to the borders of the mysterious river which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her timid feet seemed to hesitate and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the long, dark way, till at the very last, she brightened suddenly, a smile of confidence and courage lighted up her sweet face, "Oh, it is only a little brook!" she cried, and so passed over to the heavenly shore.

MAXIMS.—George Francis Train teaches his children as follows. He says:

My child, commit this short sermon to memory, and teach it to your little friends at school, and you shall receive ten dollars every Christmas:—

"Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind. Be neat. Study hard. Play hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be just and fear not. Read good books. Love your fellow-man as well as God. Love your country and obey the laws. Love truth. Love virtue and be happy."

Anecdote of Two Arab Chiefs.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. The enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out that the pacha of Bagdad being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds, from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief the Anizee to send forthwith twenty thousand men; and the order was obeyed. The pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief, and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds. If you now command that ten thousand of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the pacha sternly in the face, and replied: "Your ignorance of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for ten thousand of my tribe when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is my reply cannot be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner *never*."

The haughty pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in an open conflict, I would not interpose, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be the first to throw off his chains. There are twenty thousand strike lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence, but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe."

The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe, and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostilities are renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the pacha.

The Perfection of Red Tape.

The under-graduates of the English University of Oxford have lately quarrelled with their bread and butter—or, more correctly, with those who provide these and other articles of food in the colleges. A student writes to an English journal some account of his sufferings and his search for a responsible head upon which to lay the blame, from which, says the New York Evening Post, we get a glimpse of a division of labor and responsibility exceeding even that practiced in our city government.

Yesterday evening the dinner provided for the mess to which I belong, was, as usual, perfectly cold. We accordingly sent for the manciple; and after complaining to him, requested him also to observe that the hot-water dish on which the meat is placed was not only not properly heated, but as cold as the meat upon it.

"Oh! sir," replies the official, "I have nothing to do with that. That is the business of the general butler."

He is accordingly sent for.

"Have you the charge of heating these dishes?"

"No, sir; the other butler does that. I've got to look after the spoons and forks."

"Send the other butler, then?"

Presently "the other butler" arrives, and the following dialogue ensues:

"You have to see that this dish is properly heated?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Then, why is it as cold as ice to-night?"

"But I haven't the charge of heating the water, sir."

We were getting tired of sending for people, now; but, determined to get to the bottom of the matter, if possible, we had up the cook's boy, who, as butler No. 1 said, had to heat the water. We expostulated with the boy, and received some excuse about "a hole in the boiler" and "not being able to get it mended on Sunday."

"Anyhow," said we, "if there isn't more water in the thing than there is to-day, it will never keep anything hot."

"Oh, sir," replied the boy, "I have nothing to do with putting the water in. I've only to heat it before it is put in."

That is perfect, and cannot be beaten anywhere out of England.

HOLDING BACK THE SHOULDERS.—For a great number of years it has been the custom in France to give to young females of the earliest age, the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the clavicle, or collar-bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than those of the English. As the two nations are of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex, it may be attributed to the habit above mentioned, which, by the extension of the arms, has gradually produced a national elongation of this bone. Thus we see that habit may be employed to alter and improve the solid bones. The French have succeeded in the development of a part that adds to health and beauty.

☞ The editor of *Il Pungolo*, a Modenese journal, has lately been shown a machine for the composition of types by which he was enabled to set up five lines of poetry in nine seconds, each line containing thirty letters. The editor is convinced that by the aid of this machine speeches may be reported verbatim in type.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY THE RIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN,

BY MISS ROSALINE BENEDICT.

Looking o'er the shallow river,
Singing onward to the sea,
Bent by centuries unnumbered,
Stands a dark old forest tree,
Sighing winds among its branches,
Wail for summers long since flown;
For the glad tones 'neath its shelter,
That once answered to its own.

When the night, with stealthy footsteps,
Followed fast the loitering day,
And the valley, half in shadow,
Half in parting sunlight lay!
When the cooling winds of evening
Through its wide arms wandered free,
Fondest vows of love were offered
'Neath this dark old forest tree.

Long ago was heard the story,
Story old, yet ever new,
Of one heart found false and faithless,
Of another tried and true.
Sobbing, moaning ran the river
Onward to the waiting sea,
Bearing with it, pale and voiceless,
One who watched beneath the tree.

Through the rifts of dark clouds shining,
Looked the stars, with tender light,
On the cold face, gleaming whitely,
Through the shadows of the night.
And still trembling in the night wind,
'Mid its branches blowing free,
Haunted still by mournful whispers,
Stands the dark old forest tree.

LILIAN WALSINGHAM

AND

HER STRANGER HUSBAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

The sun was just setting; its parting rays shed a richness and beauty over the tall forest trees. Beneath a grand old oak sat a fair young girl, who n[illegible] with a weary sigh closed her book and looked [illegible]amily out over the waters of the lake.

"Poo[illegible] Mignon," she half whispered to herself; "n[illegible]onder your little heart broke. What right had Wilhelm to fondle and cherish you as though you were dear to him, without thought of the Future! O, Wilhelm, could you not see that the love which you had instilled into her heart yourself, had become her religion, her world? You taught the little lonely wanderer to love you; why did you turn from her?"

With a depth of feeling as though the fate of which she spoke were her own, the enthusiastic girl bowed her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud. It was, however, but a summer shower, for this young creature, although saddened by the greatest misfortune that can befall one of a romantic, enthusiastic temperament—an uncongenial home—had as yet known no bitter grief. Thrown almost entirely upon her own resources, because not one of her family could in the least understand her favorite pursuits, Lilian Walsingham lived mostly alone. She passed her time chiefly within her chamber, or in the seclusion of her favorite woods, which grew down nearly to the edge of the broad, beautiful lake; and she grew to feel herself one with her darlings of history and romance. She shared their joys and sorrows, she forgot self—ah, that was so beautiful! Then, when her little heart was too deeply harrassed by grief, or exhilarated by joy, she would give vent to her feelings—not in words, they are too weak to express our highest emotions—but in Music, her beloved Art.

This was dearer to her soul than aught else, for it had power to bear her far away from this weary earth to bright, glorious realms above. To her young mind, it is true, the glories were as yet but dimly revealed, but she strove daily for strength to grasp more. She had a glorious voice and exquisite taste, both of which had been highly cultured by a lady of the neighboring town, a distinguished vocalist and thoroughly refined and conscientious artiste.

This lady had been the one friend of Lilian's childhood and youth; she understood her, at least better than any one the girl had ever met with before. During several years, two days every week were made bright by the eagerly looked for lessons. These lessons continued, in spite of the constant opposition of Lilian's parents, who looked upon them as a foolish waste of time and money, until about six months previous to the opening of our story.

Circumstances then recalled the lady to her native home, and our heroine was left alone. She missed her friend sadly at first, not only because of her friendship, but because of her guidance. The course of instruction she had gone through had been very thorough as far as it went, yet it frightened the young student to walk alone. Still she had been embued with too thorough a love for Art to permit her courage entirely to give way, and she never ceased striving to progress, were it ever so little.

"Poor M'gnon," Lilian said once more, as she dried her tears; "how dearly you loved your early home! I wonder that time you sang your beautiful song, what music you had! Beethoven knew how to express feelings such as yours—poor little dear, you never dreamed of anything half so beautiful as this."

Leaning back against the tree beneath which she sat, her hands folded, her eyes half closed, she sent forth her rich, golden voice in Beethoven's "Kennst Du das Land?" As she sang, an expression of melancholy longing stole over her sweet, girlish face.

When the last notes had died away, and Lilian still sat lost in revery, she was startled by a deep-drawn sigh close beside her. Looking around, all trembling, like a timid fawn, she saw leaning against a tree a few yards to her right, a young man, tall, well-formed, and apparently five and twenty years of age. He had heavy masses of chestnut curls over the finely shaped head, deep lines of thought and care on the intellectual brow and expressive mouth; a nose of the true German type, and blue eyes shaded by long lashes, beneath which lay a world of meaning.

Those eyes were now bent upon Lilian with deep earnestness, and seeing her look of startled surprise, their possessor came forward, and bowing low, said:

"Pardon, lady, this intrusion! I am a stranger in a strange land, and have been striving in this quiet spot to regain the composure I have lost. All morning I have been wrestling with myself to banish from my heart the 'Heimweh' that never leaves me. A few moments since I was attracted to this spot by the sound of your voice in the distance! When I drew near enough to hear that voice in its full glory, it was beyond my power to move away again, for the moment I forgot myself, I thought I was in my own dear 'Vaterland.' You look so like a German, sing so like a German, even pronounce so beautifully the dear German words. Can you then forgive me for having so thoughtlessly alarmed you?"

"How can I do otherwise?" was the now fearless rejoinder. "The fact of your being attracted by the music is alone excuse enough for me. Do you love music so very much then? Perhaps it is as dear to you as to me."

"Lady, I am a German," he said simply.

"I know you Germans love music. My teacher was a German lady,—that is the reason my singing reminds you of your home; I was educated in the German school."

"O, yes, I recognised that at once. There is a depth of meaning in our style that none other has."

"And why?" cried Lilian eagerly. "It is because there is more correctness required, more necessity to grasp the intentions of the composers, of whom you have by far the greatest."

"You are right," he said solemnly. "I was once a student of Art myself, and loved to grope for its hidden treasures. Since those beautiful days I have known sorrow such as God grant you may never feel; I have been a restless wanderer upon the face of the earth, and have had less opportunity of hearing and studying music than I ever had."

"But would not music have comforted you?" Lilian said, looking up compassionately into his face; "it has something for all."

"It did comfort me, lady, as I stood here awhile ago, and would comfort me again could I often hear you sing. I am not as skillful a musician though as you seem to be, and have therefore more enjoyment in listening to others than in exercising the art myself."

Thus in pleasant discourse the time flew rapidly by. They spoke not only of music, but of all that Lilian loved, her companion seeming to divine her thoughts before she uttered them. Startled at last by the approach of the dark hour, she sprang up and said she must hurry home. The stranger arose too, and as he took the little hand she extended to him, said:

"Lady, I am an exile from my home. Hitherto I have made no acquaintances, so I have no hopes of meeting you in society. It would grieve me greatly though if I should never again hear you sing, never talk with you again, for this day you have given me an hour of peace. May I then come here again?"

Lilian was young, enthusiastic, and had lived a very secluded life. Poor child, she meant no harm, she thought no harm, therefore, please God, there was no harm in her saying:

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it. I too have felt great pleasure in talking with you, and shall be delighted to see you again. At this season of the year I am always here part of the day when clear. Let me see—to make sure of meeting you, suppose I say I shall be here in the morning from nine o'clock until dinner time, which is with us about two."

With heartily expressed gratitude he left her, and little Lilian, feeling that she had merely done an act of kindness to a stranger in trouble, bent her steps homeward. Yet her cheeks were flushed, her heart fluttered strangely, and she was more than ever silent during the evening meal. When she turned from the table to seek the solitude of her chamber, her mother called after her:

"Lilian, can't you spend the evening with your family? You have been away already the whole day."

Before she had time to reply her brother, the only one now at home, a great tease, cried out:

"O, no, ma'am, we're not good enough for her ladyship."

She had just been hesitating whether she had not better remain awhile to please her mother, but now she turned away without a word. As she went up the stairs she heard her sister Ellen say:

"O, for that matter, Will, she don't think anything or anybody in the world good enough for her. She sits up there in the room star-gazing, till I should not be surprised some of these days to hear of her wanting to take up her abode in some remote planet."

This foolish speech was accompanied by loud laughter from both sister and brother, while no word of reproof came from the mother. It was this that had ever kept the girl aloof from her mother, sister and brother, when with them they laughed at all she did or loved, and took pains to say disagreeable things at her as she left the room.

Of her father she knew very little; he was so much engrossed in his business that he had but little thought for his children. Sometimes he took a notion that she spent too much money on her music and books, and would scold her and threaten that the present supply should be the last. He did not often carry out his threats, and yet they rendered her very uncomfortable, and such conversations were the only ones he had with her.

So now she shut herself in her room, and there she sat alone all that bright evening. She looked up at the sky, at the friendly moon, and down upon the waters below, her every pulse throbbed, every nerve quivered, she had never felt before as now. She believed, innocent child, that it was all pity for the stranger, he looked so sad, spoke of being an exile, lonely and alone. She would try to cheer him, she would often sing to him, surely music could comfort him. She went early to bed, so as to shorten the time till morning, for her heart told her he would come.

She was not mistaken. At nine o'clock on the following morning when she repaired to her sylvan retreat, she found the handsome stranger eagerly awaiting her. He sprang to meet her. "O, lady, how good of you to come!" he cried, in his rich beautiful, foreign accent. "May heaven reward you for your entire trust in a stranger."

He took her by the hand and led her to a seat, and as on the day before they talked long and earnestly on different topics of interest. O, how Lilian enjoyed this. In her whole life she had had but one friend to whom she could speak of what lay nearest her heart, that was her teacher. Her enjoyment now though, was more intense than it had been even with that dear friend, for her new acquaintance seemed to divine her thoughts before she uttered them, and to compel her to speak almost unconsciously.

After a while he asked her to sing to him, and her eyes lighted with pleasure as she handed him her portfolio of music.

"See what I have done!" she said. "My dearest songs lose half their beauty without the accompaniment, not to me, for I know every note by heart, and can hear it as I sing, but to the listener, Beethoven's 'Kennst Du das Land?' that I sang yesterday, is inexpressibly beautiful alone, but how much more beautiful when that wondrous melody is sustained by the accompanying chords. So you see I have brought the notes, as I judge you are musician enough to follow them with pleasure. I should like to sing you Mignon's song again, it is one of my darlings. Here, take it, and if with that music before you, you cannot supply the want of a piano, I am sorry for you."

Then she sang, and with the notes before him he listened, and could hear in imagination the accompanying chords. Ah, it was so beautiful! He drew a long breath when she had done, the dying away of last notes seemed to awaken him from a dream. He had been transported in thought first to his native home, his "Vaterland," then to the far-off spirit world.

"More, more!" he cried eagerly, almost feverishly. "I cannot bear to think, and remember who I am after that."

She sat silent a few moments as though lost in deep thought, then said:

"I know a farewell song, a very mournful one. I have brought it with me; it is here in this neat, pretty book. I love it dearly, though I can scarce tell why, for my teacher used to say it was not possible I should understand it."

Handing him the music, and waiting the time of the opening chords, she commenced in a clear, firm voice Carl Gaertner's deeply touching song, "My Little Heart." "Andante Doloroso" it is marked, and she maintained the character well, observing strictly all the swells, slurs and marks of accentuation. The effect was wonderful, and as the stranger followed the accompaniment with its mournful minor and heart-breaking diminished chords, he was greatly affected. The words too were fine, and Lilian pronounced them distinctly and well.

The stranger sat long silent after the last wailing cry had died away, and he shuddered as he said:

"O, how beautiful, how heart-rending! But, lady, though I have known much sorrow, though I have bid many sad farewells, it has never been such as this. God grant that neither you nor I ever feel such bitter grief."

Lilian did not speak, her face was averted, and the tears were falling fast. There was in this song something so deeply pathetic, that although, as her teacher had told her, she could not fully understand it, she was always greatly affected by it.

Then both were for awhile silent. At last half-shyly Lilian said, pointing to the opposite page of the same book, to the song entitled "Good-Bye."

"There is another farewell song by the same gifted composer, beautiful, yet different from the other. I shall sing it?"

He bowed assent, and her full, rich voice once more arose. This "Good Bye" was indeed different from the other, for there was a sternness mingled with the sadness. The farewell seemed here determinately and decisively spoken, and although toward the last a feeling of regret seemed to force itself in, it was bravely thrust aside, and the closing bars of the accompaniment indicated that the mind was unchanged and unchangeable.

The stranger hearkened with bowed head and eyes fastened on the page before him whilst great drops of moisture stood upon his brow. He seemed to be struggling with some fearful memory; it was as though some chord within him whose vibrations he could not endure, had been touched by this music. When Lilian was through he gasped in a strangely altered voice:

"Lady, I pray you never sing me that song again. It awakens too horrible recollections; it recalls a page of my existence I would gladly blot out forever—I will tell you my history some time, but not now, O, not now."

Without another word he arose, and plunging into the thickest of the woods, was gone. Lilian sat as though riveted to the spot. What had so moved him? His history—she had forgotten. She had come out that day meaning to ask him who he was, and whence he came, but they had had so much to say, so much to do, time had flown so swiftly that she had forgotten it, she had thought only of the present.

She went home very, very sad, still, however, looking forward hopefully to the morrow. But alas it rained the next day, and the next and on the third it was so damp that her mother positively forbade her to go out. She was very restless all this while; she could not settle her mind to anything, and lay half her time curled upon the lounge. Time passed slowly and heavily, but the weariest days find an end at last, and the morning of the fourth day the sun rose bright and clear as though no rain had ever fallen. Lilian early bent her steps to her favorite spot in the woods, but her stranger friend was before her.

"These have been dreary days to me," he said, as he took her hand in his. "The first two days I did not leave my chamber. In the solitude my past life arose before me with all its horrors. For the first time in making such a review, I discovered that the past and the future did not occupy my entire mind as had once been the case, that something had crept into my heart that had given a present to my hitherto desolate life."

"And what is that?" Lilian asked, looking up innocently into his face. Her words were regretted though as soon as uttered, for she read something there that called a deep flush to her cheeks, and caused her to turn away her eyes.

The stranger looked earnestly and searchingly at her, and an expression of almost mortary crossed his face as he said:

"No matter now what it was. If I speak first of the present I shall be tempted to drop the past, and a stern duty compels me faithfully and truly to recount that. Sit down then beneath this tree, where first I saw you, and listen.

"I am an only son. As a child I was the darling of my parents, the idol of my sisters. Until my fifteenth year my education was carried on at home, in part by tutors, in part by my sister Clara, who was ten years my senior. My little sister, Minna, was my fellow student, and most cherished companion. Although two years younger than I, this ripe little spirit was well able to keep pace with me and amidst the beauties of the literature of music and of our beloved mother tongue which Clara disclosed to our wondering gaze, we roamed delighted hand in hand.

"I had two other sisters, twins, who were as inseparable as Minna and myself. They were both married on the same day, when I was about twelve years old, Hedwig, a housewifely, matronly little woman, to the young Count G———, Gretchen, meek-eyed, gentle Gretchen, to a young Captain of the Guards.

"After the brilliant wedding was over, and the dear ones gone, Minna and I wandered disconsolate through the garden. Childlike we talked over all the concerns of the family, and wondered why these girls who, sweet and pretty as they were, were less beautiful, less gifted than Clara, and four years younger than she besides, should have married first. As we walked on to the far end of the garden we met our eldest sister; she was weeping violently, passionately. At sight of us, her little pupils, she turned and fled. There was some mystery about our Clarachen; we were sure of it now, and once on the scent; we often saw traces of it.

"My mother was a woman of extreme loveliness and nobility of character. Ever since I can remember her health was delicate, and yet from her sick chamber she held entire sway in her household. She ruled us with the law of love, it is true, but she did rule, she was the only creature in the world who could bend my father's iron will, in her hands he was as a child.

"Just after she died, which was when I was about fifteen, our Gretchen was left a widow. Her husband was killed by a fall from his horse, and the broken-hearted child came home with her babe to her father's house.

"As a child, I had always fancied I would choose music for my profession, and I knew it was the dearest wish of Clara's heart that I should do so. As I grew older, however, and discovered how much more rapid my little Minna's progress was than mine, I became discouraged, and held back. Dearly as I loved music, and had always been taught to love it from my earliest infancy, and intensely as I enjoyed it, there was something within me that ever prevented me from giving the true expression. It was as though a cloud came over me at times when I would have most light. This being the case, I felt that it was not for me to attempt to teach others what Art was, that I dare not enter upon that calling which, when looked upon aright, is the highest, the holiest upon earth. My darling Minna, on the contrary, made wonderous advances. She had obtained astonishing skill upon the piano, and seemed to have an understanding beyond her years. She composed a little too. Her little songs had, I suppose, no great depth, but they were fresh and pure, and I was very proud of them.

"So now I yielded to my father's plans, and arrangements were made for me to enter the University of ———. One day, shortly before I left home, Clara, who of late had seemed more than ever troubled and restless, called Minna and me to her chamber. She first talked to me earnestly about my approaching college career, and gave me much advice as to my future conduct. She then kissed us both fondly, and said she had something to tell us, that she was going to leave us, and thought it a duty she owed herself and us to tell us why.

"Her history was soon told, when about sixteen years of age, whilst still at the music school where she was educated, she had met and loved one to whom our father was bitterly opposed, because, although his family was as good as ours, he was poor. They were secretly betrothed, and then the noble youth had gone to America in hopes of there providing the means to give her such a position as her father desired. They had corresponded during all these long years, and Clara loved him more and more for the hardships he had endured for her sake, for he had been very unfortunate, and had met with nothing but one long series of disappointments and losses. Often when his letters were particularly desponding Clara felt drawn to yield to a suggestion he had once made that she should meet him at the house of her cousin in Liverpool, where they could be married without her father's consent. She was half inclined to think it was her duty to share his fate, but was restrained by the certainty that the shock would kill her mother. After mother's death she felt it impossible to leave us and our sorrow-stricken father. Even after Gretchen returned home she did not see her way clear to go, at least for a while.

"But now she had received news that would make it a crime for her to remain longer at home. He was ill, home-sick, and weary, in a strange land, whither he had gone for her sake; and she was resolved to go out to him, marry him, and thus gain a right to comfort and nurse him. Her father, with whom she had just had an interview, of course sternly forbade this, but her purpose was unshaken.

"She bade us both good-by; for she said she would not see us again, as it was best to maintain perfect secrecy as to the time and manner of her departure. She told us to make our minds easy about her, for a brother of the Liverpool cousin in Hamburg, through whom she had received her letters, had made all the necessary arrangements for her journey. She had jewelry enough she said, to pay all her expenses and leave her something handsome besides.

"Clara must have possessed wonderful tact, for whilst fully enlisting our sympathies in her cause, she in newise aroused indignation against our father. On the contrary, she led us to pity him that his eldest child was compelled to inflict so deep a wound upon him. She made us feel that it was quite natural for a father in the position of ours, to object to his daughter undertaking alone so hazardous a journey to wed one to whom he was so decidedly opposed, and for whose sake she had refused so many brilliant offers. She told us we must care for him, and comfort him and poor Gretchen.

"When she saw how bitterly we were weeping, she told Minna she must compose herself for her brother's sake, me that I must set an example of fortitude to my little sister. She said too that we must remember the agony of anxiety and suspense she was suffering, and not add to her grief. Thus the first burst of sorrow was dissipated at thought of the importance of the duties we had to perform, and we left her quite calm, dreading that any traces of agitation might betray her.

"In the morning she was gone. Our father pursued, her, but in vain; her plans were too well laid to render discovery possible; and no one knew when or how she had started. Father's rage knew no bounds; he saw his will for the first time set at defiance, and by a girl; but after the first torrent of grief had subsided, he evinced deep grief at Clara's loss, and I know he must have missed her sadly. Gretchen cried a great deal, and pressed her little baby tight in her arms for comfort; but amid our grief Minna and I could not but feel rejoiced to see that the letter Clara had left for her, had won her heart. We learned soon that it was the same too with Hedwig.

"When the time approached for me to leave for college, little Minna clung closer and closer to me. 'What will I do without my Hery?' she would say; 'what will become of me with Hery and Clara both gone?' In vain I reminded her of Gretchen and her little one. 'Yes, yes,' she would say, 'I love them dearly—but they are not my Hery, not my Clarchen!'

"On the day I left home she cried as though her heart would break: she little knew, poor darling, that a bitterer sorrow was in store for her than that parting. Gretchen bade me a tender farewell, and my father folded me to his breast, invoked Heaven's blessing upon me, and said he looked for me to be the comfort of his old age.

"Four years of college life soon rolled away and were gone. In this time I was only home during the vacations, and always found my little Minna fairer and lovelier. Ah, how well I remember the pride I felt each time at the advance my precious sister made in her musical studies under the guidance of the artist in whose hands Clara had left her. Hedwig, with her little family, often came to us during these visits, and it was a touching sight to see her and Gretchen together—the one so full of life and happiness, the other so broken and withered.

"Nothing of importance happened during my stay at the University of ———. I at times got into boyish scrapes, it is true, yet never so serious but that my room-mate and dearest friend, Max Crampton, could shield me from their consequences.

"After graduating, Max and I entered the Military School for which we were both destined. Here I began a stirring life; the discipline was terribly severe, but this seemed only to rouse the daring of the students, and excitement followed upon excitement. There was one Professor, quite an old man, who was a great favorite amongst us all, he was as strict as the rest when his attention was forcibly called to broken rules, but he had a happy faculty of not observing any trifle that was amiss. He had a warm heart, and had not forgotten that he had been young once himself.

"Now it chanced that this good old soul made some remarks at a public dinner, about a movement of Government, just then the prevailing topic of the day, which by his enemies, two Professors, jealous of his popularity, were construed into treason. He was informed upon, and arrested before night. Poor old Steinbach, treason was far from his thoughts!

"We students were filled with the greatest indignation at his arrest, and determined to rescue him at all hazards, for otherwise we knew not how soon he might meet with the punishment awarded to traitors—death. Twenty of us met together to hold counsel as to what was to be done. After much thought and deliberation our plans were formed. Max and I were appointed to act; we went in disguise to the state prison, treated the guards to well-drugged liquor, and when they had fallen into a heavy sleep, stole their keys and made our way to poor Steinbach's cell. We had great difficulty in persuading the old man to come with us, and only succeeded by representing to him the lonely, forlorn condition of his young daughter.

"Next day the whole city was in an uproar, various rumors were afloat as to the manner of the prisoner's escape; but so skillfully had we conducted our manœuvres, so carefully concealed our old friend that no traces of the truth were to be discovered. Max and I, being prime movers, felt the chief responsibility, and we decided that it was not right to have so many students aware of the hiding-place of our charges—Steinbach and his daughter. All were bound by a solemn oath, the hearts of all seemed in the matter, but unintentionally they might betray their knowledge.

"So we determined to make a show of sending them to America—such a course in reality would have been impracticable—they were far too helpless to cast upon the world alone. We called a meeting of our secret union, proposed the idea, Max and I undertaking to defray their expenses, and met with the hearty approval of all. Steinbach, as usual, was brought to agree to the manœuvre on the plea of his daughter; and the leave-taking between him and the students was quite touching.

"We managed to secrete our charges in a village at no great distance, at the house of an old servant of Max's family. Steinbach we concealed in an upper chamber of the house, an unused apartment which always was considered haunted; the girl passed for an orphan cousin of the worthy man of the house. My allowance was sufficient to enable me to support them comfortably, and not cramp myself too much. As Max had shared the danger and trouble of the undertaking, I had wished him to share the credit of providing the means for the sham journey to America. We often rode out on horseback, sometimes alone, sometimes together, to look after our charges without exciting remark, for we were both great horsemen, and our rides were departing nothing from our usual custom.

"Meanwhile the term of our military course expired, and I returned home for awhile before entering upon the honorable position my father had secured for me. Minna's joy knew no bounds in having me home once more, yet, poor child, she must have been much disappointed in me, for I was greatly changed from the sympathetic companion of former days. I was silent and absent; the constant anxiety of the past two years had told upon me. Minna said I was sick, she fondled and caressed me, and played me O, such beautiful music, to make me well again. With what inexpressible yearning I longed to lay my head upon her shoulder and tell her all my care, but I dared not break down her young life with my burthen.

"One day my father called me to his study and showed me a letter he had just received from my mother's only brother, a rich and childless baron. It stated that the writer had been very ill, and feeling that his end was drawing near, he thought it time to settle his worldly affairs. His whole estate he hoped reverted to me, but the dearest wish of his heart was that I should share it with the child of his affections. He asked, therefore, as his dying wish, which he knew we could not refuse, that I should marry his ward, the niece of his dead wife. This young girl, he said, was dear to him as his own child, and as he wished her happiness secured before he died, he would like the marriage to take place at once. He would do his part toward preparing the mind of his ward, and expected the same of my father with regard to me.

"I was completely taken by surprise at this intelligence, and at first rather objected to being

REQUIEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY IRENE S. BOYNTON.

I can hear a sound of weeping
In the air,
And a murmur choked and broken
Of a prayer.
I can feel the troubled sweeping
Of their breath,
As they marvel at my sleeping
(So like death)
In a slow and sad repeating:
This is death—
With a shuddering awe repeating
'Tis the mystery of death.

But I know that I am happy
In this sleep,
Drowned within this wave of slumber
Still and deep—
Pure and sweet.
Where the Lethes of forever
From all memories doth dissever
Weary laden souls that never
Wake to weep.
Heavy burdened souls that never
Dream and wake and *pray* to weep.

Oh! the respite I have gotten
In this rest.
All the weariness forgotten
At my breast.
Never more to doubt and question
Life's behest.
Never more to vainly borrow
Thoughts from out the dread to-morrow,
Wildly weep or sadly sorrow
Best or blest,
With a sad regret to sorrow
For the loved and sainted best.

Press no more the wolds and moorlands,
Weary feet.
Thrill no more the heart of passion,
Spirit beat.
Years can never mete forever,
Howe'er fleet.
Of this sleep that is unbroken,
Of this rest that is unspoken,
Be my peacefulness a token,
Death is sweet.
A most radiant sign and token
That the name of Death is sweet.

In the pitiless hereafter
Moons will wane,
And the days and nights will echo
The refrain
Of the song the years are wailing
In their pain,
Of the chorus *I* shall never
Join again.
But within the churchyard lonely
I shall catch the music only
Of the rain.
Of the murmur of the lilies
In an issue with the rain.
Fairest, golden petaled lilies,
Plaining of the summer rain.

And begotten of the spirit,
Oh, what dreams
Of an iridescent Aether's
Dazzling beams.
And an all enduring city's
Golden gleams.
Of a land that is supernal,
By a spirit named Eternal;
And its streams
Mirror the blue eyes of angels
As they walk beside the streams,
As they breathe the soul of incense
By the happy, singing streams.

Folded hands and closed eyelids
As in prayer;
With an odorous bloom of lilies
In my hair.
Is not, is not this Destroyer
Passing fair?
Sweetest fragrance round me flowing,
Gentlest breezes round me blowing,
All the unseen shores bestowing
Perfumed air;
Dim and distant shores bestowing
Sweet distillment to the air.

Narrow, rayless, all victorious
Is this bed;
But One Risen left a halo
Round it shed;
Tuneful voices chant melodious
Happy dead.
And my soul is nowise shaken,
In this flight that it has taken,
Never to unrest to waken
From the dead.
But with this new joy of beating—
In this ecstacy of beating—
It has thrilled the strain, repeating
Blessed, blessed are the dead,
Silent, sleeping, happy dead.

MISS REGALAN'S GIFTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE AVENEL.

PART I.

Miss Regalan was a "queer old lady." In girlhood she had been a beauty. Her good looks had come from the maternal side, for her papa might be described as a vegetable gentleman, afflicted by nature with a beety nose, carroty hair, and a general parsnipy tone of complexion. The bright hazel eyes, dark locks, and pretty little features of Mrs. Regalan had perpetuated themselves in the daughter upon whom she had bestowed the euphonious appellation of Rosalba, and when a ruthless attack of the small-pox riddled the rosy cheeks and dimmed the lustrous orbs, the shock to that romantically-named lady was such that she retired into a determined state of old-maidism.

I believe in old maids as a special blessing. Miss Rosalba's old maidenhood was of that mild and inoffensive character which neither assumes the shape of strong-mindedness, charity-schools, adoption of cats nor absolute glaring upon fellow creatures in the shape of men. Benevolence became the outlet to all the old lady's affections, and, by a thousand sources, the ample fortune left by Mr. Regalan at his death achieved the only remaining purpose of his daughter's existence; usefulness.

The only suitor that the fair Rosalba had ever had, that one whom she had heroically declined to "terrify for the remainder of his days" with her damaged complexion and generally deteriorated exterior, had departed this life at a hale old age. Miss Rosalba's renouncement of him not having broken his heart—though it left a wound there—he handed down a well-deserved name for benevolence, as discriminating as it was unwearied.

"He always remembered the poor," murmured the gentle old lady to herself, nodding—in the direction of a miniature suspended above the mantle-piece in her bed-chamber—that cap which evinced to society at large how far eccentricity in millinery can be carried. "He always remembered the poor, and the bread often cast upon the waters always came back after many days."

She took from the desk which she had drawn towards her a slip of paper, on which was written: "I have discovered three cases such as will meet your view. *They are urgent*, none can wait. I enclose particulars and numbers of residences, as well as names. You cannot go wrong. PETER PARKHAM."

Miss Rosalba rose, passed to a bureau at the farther end of the room, brought forth a roll of notes, and—once more perusing the slip of paper on which her "man of business," the manager of her property, had traced the lines by which she resolved to be guided—she enclosed in three different envelopes three notes of one hundred dollars.

* * * * * * *

Whether it was that Bridget O'Rorke really did squint, or whether that idea was merely suggested to the mind of the observer by a dark concentration of freckles over the bridge of the nose, which sombre clustre rivuletted itself more particularly to the left, certain it is that the Angel of Mercy, as represented that evening, by said Bridget was—not lovely, however welcome.

* * * * * * *

Little Nettie Wilford sat near the fire, with her hands upon her knees, "looking for diamonds" among the flames. What worlds of fancy the poor consumptive child wrought out of the salamander-element, who shall say? She was a breathing poem, which the earthly readers—to whose perusal it had been trusted—could not read aright, but she had her invisible companions, and Nettie, with them, was never lonely.

Her moody brother, Jasper, sat beside the fire, not as usual silent, and leaving Nettie to her unseen friends, but with both hands buried in his hair, and groaning in bitterness of spirit. "If Parkman has found me out, I am ruined! and yet it is the first false step he led me, that false friend, Grant, led me to this. Ah! if I could but retrieve it ere it is too late it would be the last. The agony of to-night is more than enough!"

Nettie had risen from the little arm-chair in which her life wore its frail thread away day after day, and knelt beside her brother, sweeping his hands with the long golden locks that like a crown of rays rose above her seraphic face and flooded her emaciated shoulders with light. "Henry Grant is not good, he is not good," she murmured, "I do not like him," and she pressed her thin hands to her heart with a sigh.

"A note for you, Miss Nettie," said the only servant the Wilford establishment had at its disposal—a fact the more easily accounted for by there being but three rooms in that establishment itself—and the girl of all work placed an envelope upon the child's knee. It contained a note for a hundred dollars and the words: "The wages of sin is death—save your brother.

"AN UNKNOWN FRIEND."

Nettie laid the note and the written paper upon the table beside her brother. His head had sunk despairingly upon it, and his frame shook with suppressed agony. This was the turning point in Jasper Wilford's life, and his Maker had not forsaken him.

"Anything," he murmured, "but a breach of faith. Anything but to have been led into that, to have been gulled, blinded, duped into serving Grant's purpose! Parkham returns to-morrow, but there is yet time. Had I the money now I could replace it, but how can—Nettie, have we nothing left? Is there nothing more that we can sell? No, no, all is gone, even the little watch my mother left you, I've sold even that, there's no hope. Nettie," here he rose and came towards her, "your brother is a disgraced man. If you hear me blamed for what I am about to do, for I cannot endure dishonor, say to one and all"—here his eyes glared with rising fever, and his voice assumed the wild, incoherent utterance of delirium—"say to all that it was the false friend we have received and made—we thought—our brother, that lured me to my ruin. Nettie, this is a cowardly desertion, but you—when I am dead, Nettie—will remember—"

"Read the good letter, brother," said Nettie, pushing the envelope towards him. Her face was very pale. Jasper seized it and perused the lines. A rain of blinding tears relieved the tension of his brain, and Miss Rosalba's first gift had done its errand of mercy.

The next day saw Jasper Wilford a free man again. That night had done such work that temptation could no more grasp a mind naturally noble, nor affect the tenor of a life which that hard lesson diverted from the paths of vice. How few pause on the *easy descent*! How many does one false step *hurl*, rather than lead into the gulf! This one was saved.

The little canary bird that sings in Nettie's window was purchased on that day, and if persons wonder—perhaps Nettie herself, for she never knew to whom Jasper owed his social salvation—at the brightness of Miss Rosalba's eyes, when she trips by the window with a step that is buoyant in spite of her fifty years, the secret may be found in Bridget's penetration in declaring, "Shure and there must have been something well worth the trouble of carrying in the little yellow paper, for there was niver a bird in that window before."

PART II.

"On the brain, did you say, Martha?" asked Mrs. Sumner, with a gasp.

The old woman who held the apparently dying child—the only son of Elinor Sumner—upon her knees, only nodded her head in reply.

"But not yet," murmured the agonized mother, "he has been ill so short a time?"

"I tell you he will die, if there is not a doctor here within half an hour."

"Die, and not know one day of happiness, nothing but want and misery since he was born. Oh! Martha! Martha! why did I make that marriage? A gambler, a drunkard—a brute—all that I have forgiven, but I will never pardon him my boy's death and this wretchedness!"

"If he lives he will be his grandfather's heir yet, you'll see that, you'll see it. The old gentleman will come round—"

"But where, how to have a doctor here, in this wretched hole! These rags would deter any one from following me here. It looks, too, like a den of thieves!" and the miserable woman sank again upon her knees.

The child moaned. "Three hours and yet he does not return—I fear his coming, and yet if he saw Willie as he is now, perhaps—"

A loud knock at the door startled the woman. A drunken man broke into the room, bursting open the door, tied across by a rope fastened to two nails.

"The doctor!" gasped Ellinor, seizing her husband's arm; but she recoiled instantly as Pierce Sumner, once a gentleman and now an inebriate, reeled into the room.

Well might his wife recoil! A hideous gash across the forehead—exuding blood over the livid countenance—gave the brutalized features a new aspect. The red glare of intoxication was there no more.

With a horrid curse, he plunged forward into the room.

"Done in a fight, Elnor, a fight over the cards! Brandy did half and cheating the other half in bringing me to desperation. It's too late now to make up for the past. The boy there—his grandfather will—forgive. You, too, Elinor"—here a hideous laugh broke from the dying man—for such he was,—"you, too, can forgive me now; if I have led a bad life, I die a dog's death!"

With these words and a muttered something—the tone was not the same, let us hope it was a prayer—the thing that was once in the likeness of majesty, the man who might have been good and great, the being who had thrown heaven's best gifts to the winds and made his own heart the abode of devils, fell forward, gave one long, terrible, sobbing sigh, and the spirit departed from the body whereby it had been wronged—for sensual appetites had made Sumner the man he was—and the corpse of Elinor's husband lay at her feet.

The boy moaned. The mother pressed her hands once more to her brow—that frenzied gesture was habitual to her now—looked at the insensible heap before her, and without a tear, prepared to summon that aid which the drunkard had forgotten to bring to his suffering child. The old woman also seemed insensible to the death of that man whose hand she had seen raised more than once in anger, above his unoffending wife. More than once blows had fallen and Martha had intervened barely in time to save the life he had threatened when the power of the drink-fiend was upon him.

"It's of little use," said Martha, "who will follow the ragged? who will listen to the wretched? ah! the bright, beautiful boy he was,—if his grandfather could but know! I am sure that now—" and she glanced significantly at the dead drunkard's body.

Elinor, goaded to agony by her boy's danger, crushing down the rebellious yearning that, despite her outward calmness, still would have drawn her to the corpse of the man she had loved, nay, still loved, through all—tottered, bewildered, blind with grief, towards the door. A hand at this moment pushed against it, and a paper, a yellow envelope appeared in the space between the door itself and the wall.

"Is it yourself that is Mrs. Sumner?" asked a Hibernian voice without.

"It may be help! It may be—" gasped Ellinor; and she opened the door partly, saying:

"I am Mrs. Sumner."

"This is yours, then," said Bridget, for it was that damsel—forcing the paper into Ellinor's hand, and beginning to depart down the rickety stairs.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Sumner, who had opened the envelope.

"I'm not to stop—and I'm not to answer no quistions?" was the answer which the retreating Bridget made as she vanished, and muttered to herself: "And a dirty hole it is, to be sure, and glad I am to be well out of it!"

* * * * * *

The attendance of a physician was soon procured. The lamp of life in poor Willie's frame, flickered discouragingly at first—and even when the threatened convulsions were conquered, so debilitated was the boy by insufficient food and bad air, and so scant was his clothing, and so miserable was the lodging, that had not Miss Rosalba's secret gift held out as it did, the child must have expired before it could be removed to a more comfortable abode.

That night's struggle was, however, the crisis.

The handsome boy who is often seen, so joyously laughing beside his pale, though still lovely mother, as old Mr. Ellis's carriage passes through the Park, is our pallid and then apparently dying Willie. The miserable Sumner once dead and removed from his daughter's path, the father welcomed his daughter once more with open arms, but, for the chance which saved her child from perishing on that wintry night, in that wretched hovel, Elinor, though she even now knows it not, may thank Rosalba Regalan, as the agent of the Omnipotent Power without whose knowledge "not a sparrow falleth."

PART III.

Come, reader, to the saddest still, the darkest despair, the most hopeless is where I will lead you now.

Three young girls, of whom it is difficult to say which is the most beautiful, were crouched together upon the floor of a room so poor, so sordidly hideous that it seemed as if human life must begin to sink beneath every natural want when it could endure in such an atmosphere. The heart must be cramped in such abodes, the soul so trammelled that death even as a mere release must be so welcome as to be divested of all its terrors.

Helen, Julia and Alice Stevens were orphans. They had struggled bravely until now, and now where starving. No work for their needle, no places even as servants could be had, though gladly would these girls, reared in comfort, have welcomed such situations. They had injudiciously sought the vast city of New York at the death of their only remaining parent, and were without means to return to the country town where they had lived till they had become orphans.

Helen held in her hand a small vial, in that of Alice was another, similar in form and size.

"I must share yours, poor sister," said Julia, the most emaciated and palest of the group, "I think there is hardly enough for us all."

"The drug is more powerful than you think," replied Alice. "Oh! for one single hope," moaned the girl, "between us and a death like this!"

"I care not now," answered Helen, "starvation, rags, despair, all but dishonor, that we have been spared and that we are threatened with! We can but die."

Alice looked with terror towards the door. The distant step of the proprietor, treading heavily upon the stairs, was heard by Helen, who in her fear had drawn near the door. The miserable abode was that most fearful of all those in which misery shelters its meagre frame, it was a tenement-house, the last resort of the decent poor.

The base wretch with whom their wretched fate had sent them to lodge, was one of those beings to whom innocence and misfortune in its most helpless shape is never sacred. Why, under the pure heavens, beneath the smile of its angels, such beings are permitted to live, is one of the inscrutable mysteries which we are powerless to penetrate.

The steps came nearer. The girls crouched closer to each other. Alice clutched the shoulder of her sister Julia, and Helen hid her face in her hands.

"Have you the money?" growled the landlord, knocking rudely at the door, and shaking it as, receiving no answer, he repeated his question.

"No!" gasped Helen, who was nearest the door. "We have sold everything we own, except the clothes we wear. We have not food to eat, and you refuse us time."

"Yesterday and this morning without food," sobbed Alice.

"I'm used to these here tales. I'm too old a bird to be caught with that there chaff. You're three proud minxes, that's what you are, and out of the house you bundle to-morrow morning, if your rent's not paid, and I don't know now what hinders me putting the whole kit of you in the street to-night."

With this he departed, grumbling still.

The room occupied by the three sisters overlooked the street. The moonlight—for though it was cold, the weather was clear—poured into the room, and flooded the chamber with light.

"We are three cowards," laughed Alice, wildly, "our fate is upon us!" and she raised the drug to her lips.

"Sleep! sleep! dreamless sleep!" murmured Julia.

Helen sobbed bitterly. She was the youngest, the least weakened, physically, by hunger, the least prostrated by mental anguish; the girl loved life still.

Julia divided the morphia into two portions and extended the smallest to Helen. Alice dragged herself on her knees towards the group.

"And shure and is it here the Miss Stevenses lives?" said Bridget O'Rooke, thrusting her head—in all its unparalleled audacity of bonnet—into the room.

The girls started.

"Here's a letter for yees, if yees is the Miss *Stevenses*," repeated Bridget, sniffing the noxious air of the room, on which the sickening odor of the subtle drug had stolen already. "Faith," muttered she to herself, "fine misses to be sure, a living in such a hole as this!" and in conformity to the orders received from Miss Rosalba, the embassadress from Green Erin vanished, unheeding the calls from the third abode which she had visited that night.

* * * * * *

On the following Sunday, three young girls knelt together in the church where an eloquent preacher held forth a doctrine of mercy unto such as have failed in trust in the Lord.

The solemn organ pealed forth its august tones, the evergreens were fresh and bright as hope. The anthem rose:

"Oh, Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
the world,
Grant us thy peace!"

* * * * * * *

Was there a hovering of wings over Rosalba's couch that night, and was it an angel's voice that murmured "This is well!"

Perhaps she only dreamed it.

POOR MEN'S GARDENS.

No waxen blossoms stained with rainbow hues,
No crimson flush of petals, heaven-dyed,
No spoils of distant zones and eastern shores,
Snatched from the poisonous woods to feed
man's pride;

No spiked and spotted aloes, dagger fenced,
No lilies floating on their leafy raft,
No air plants dappled like great butterflies,
Spice odors from the Orient isles to waft;

But just one little bush of southernwood,
Fragrant and evergreen as honesty,
And clumps of purple hearts-ease rarely found
In rich men's gardens wheresoe'er they be.

A plant of marigold, with golden glow,
To spread perennial sunshine o'er the plot,
A winter rose, to bloom when summer's gone,
And cast a gleam of hope when spring's forgot.

Yes, in the poor man's garden often grow
Far more than herbs, or fruit, or pleasant
flowers,
Kind thoughts, Contentment, Gratitude, and
Love,
And balms and anodynes for weary hours.

"ONLY A LITTLE BROOK."—A simple, but very touching incident, has been related to us, says the Maine Press, in connection with the last moments of a beautiful little girl in Bath, who lately died at the age of nine. A little while before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood around her, watching the last movings of the gentle breath, the last faint fluttering of the little pulse, they became aware, from broken words, that she shrank with natural dread from the unknown way that was opening before her. She had come to the borders of the mysterious river which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her timid feet seemed to hesitate and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the long, dark way, till at the very last, she brightened suddenly, a smile of confidence and courage lighted up her sweet face, "Oh, it is only a little brook!" she cried, and so passed over to the heavenly shore.

MAXIMS.—George Francis Train teaches his children as follows. He says:

My child, commit this short sermon to memory, and teach it to your little friends at school, and you shall receive ten dollars every Christmas:—

"Don't drink. Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't swear. Don't gamble. Don't lie. Don't steal. Don't deceive. Don't tattle. Be polite. Be generous. Be kind. Be neat. Study hard. Play hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be just and fear not. Read good books. Love your fellow-man as well as God. Love your country and obey the laws. Love truth. Love virtue and be happy."

Anecdote of Two Arab Chiefs.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates, near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. The enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out that the pacha of Bagdad being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds, from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief the Anizee to send forthwith twenty thousand men; and the order was obeyed. The pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief, and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the Kurds. If you now command that ten thousand of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the pacha sternly in the face, and replied: "Your ignorance of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for ten thousand of my tribe when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned; but as it is my reply cannot be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner *never*."

The haughty pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in an open conflict, I should not interpose, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be the first to throw off his chains. There are twenty thousand strike lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence, but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe."

The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe, and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostilities are renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the pacha.

The Perfection of Red Tape.

The under-graduates of the English University of Oxford have lately quarrelled with their bread and butter—or, more correctly, with those who provide these and other articles of food in the colleges. A student writes to an English journal some account of his sufferings and his search for a responsible head upon which to lay the blame, from which, says the New York Evening Post, we get a glimpse of a division of labor and responsibility exceeding even that practiced in our city government:

Yesterday evening the dinner provided for the mess to which I belong, was, as usual, perfectly cold. We accordingly sent for the manciple; and after complaining to him, requested him also to observe that the hot-water dish on which the meat is placed was not only not properly heated, but as cold as the meat upon it.

"Oh! sir," replies the official, "I have nothing to do with that. That is the business of the general butler."

He is accordingly sent for.

"Have you the charge of heating these dishes?"

"No, sir; the other butler does that. I've got to look after the spoons and forks."

"Send the other butler, then?"

Presently "the other butler" arrives, and the following dialogue ensues:

"You have to see that this dish is properly heated?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Then, why is it as cold as ice to-night?"

"But I haven't the charge of heating the water, sir."

We were getting tired of sending for people, now; but, determined to get to the bottom of the matter, if possible, we had up the cook's boy, who, as butler No. 2 said, had to heat the water. We expostulated with the boy, and received some excuse about "a hole in the boiler" and "not being able to get it mended on Sunday."

"Anyhow," said we, "if there isn't more water in the thing than there is to-day, it will never keep anything hot."

"Oh, sir," rejoined the boy, "I have nothing to do with putting the water in. I've only to heat it before it is put in."

That is perfect, and cannot be beaten anywhere out of England.

HOLDING BACK THE SHOULDERS.—For a great number of years it has been the custom in France to give to young females of the earliest age, the habit of holding back the shoulders, and thus expanding the chest. From the observation of anatomists, lately made, it appears that the clavicle, or collar-bone, is actually longer in females of the French nation than those of the English. As the two nations are of the Caucasian race, as there is no other remarkable difference in their bones, and this is peculiar to the sex, it may be attributed to the habit above mentioned, which, by the extension of the arms, has gradually produced a national elongation of this bone. Thus we see that habit may be employed to alter and improve the solid bones. The French have succeeded in the development of a part that adds to health and beauty.

☞ The editor of Il Pensiero, a Modenese journal, has lately been shown a machine for the composition of types by which he was enabled to set up five lines of poetry in nine seconds, each line containing thirty letters. The editor is convinced that by the aid of this machine speeches may be reported verbatim in type.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY THE RIVER.

FROM THE GERMAN,

BY MISS ROSALINE BENEDICT.

Looking o'er the shallow river,
Singing onward to the sea,
Built by centuries unnumbered,
Stands a dark old forest tree,
Sighing winds among its branches,
Well for summers long since flown;
For the glad tones 'neath its shelter,
That once answered to its own.

When the night, with stealthy footsteps,
Followed fast the loitering day,
And the valley, half in shadow,
Half in parting sunlight lay!
When the cooling winds of evening
Through its wide arms wanded free,
Fondest vows of love were offered
'Neath this dark old forest tree.

Long ago was heard the story,
Story old, yet ever new,
Of one heart found false and faithless,
Of another tried and true.
Sobbing, moaning ran the river
Onward to the waiting sea,
Bearing with it, pale and voiceless,
One who watched beneath the tree.

Through the rifts of dark clouds shining,
Looked the stars, with tender light,
On the cold face, gleaming whitely,
Through the shadows of the night.
And still trembling in the night wind,
'Mid its branches blowing free,
Haunted still by mournful whispers,
Stands the dark old forest tree.

LILIAN WALSINGHAM

AND

HER STRANGER HUSBAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

The sun was just setting; its parting rays shed a richness and beauty over the tall forest trees. Beneath a grand old oak sat a fair young girl, who now with a weary sigh closed her book and looked dreamily out over the waters of the lake.

"Poor Mignon," she half whispered to herself; "no wonder your little heart broke. What right had Wilhelm to fondle and cherish you as though you were dear to him, without thought of the Future! O, Wilhelm, could you not see that the love which you had instilled into her heart yourself, had become her religion, her world? You taught the little lonely wanderer to love you; why did you turn from her?"

With a depth of feeling as though the fate of which she spoke were her own, the enthusiastic girl bowed her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud. It was, however, but a summer shower, for this young creature, although saddened by the greatest misfortune that can befall one of a romantic, enthusiastic temperament—an uncongenial home—had as yet known no bitter grief. Thrown almost entirely upon her own resources, because not one of her family could in the least understand her favorite pursuits, Lilian Walsingham lived mostly alone. She passed her time chiefly within her chamber, or in the seclusion of her favorite woods, which grew down nearly to the edge of the broad, beautiful lake; and she grew to feel herself one with her darlings of history and romance. She shared their joys and sorrows, she forgot self—ah, that was so beautiful! Then, when her little heart was too deeply harrassed by grief, or exhilarated by joy, she would give vent to her feelings—not in words, they are too weak to express our highest emotions—but in Music, her beloved Art.

This was dearer to her soul than aught else, for it had power to bear her far away from this weary earth to bright, glorious realms above. To her young mind, it is true, the glories were as yet but dimly revealed, but she strove daily for strength to grasp more. She had a glorious voice and exquisite taste, both of which had been highly cultured by a lady of the neighboring town, a distinguished vocalist and thoroughly refined and conscientious artiste.

This lady had been the one friend of Lilian's childhood and youth; she understood her, at least better than any one the girl had ever met with before. During several years, two days every week were made bright by the eagerly looked for lessons. These lessons continued, in spite of the constant opposition of Lilian's parents, who looked upon them as a foolish waste of time and money, until about six months previous to the opening of our story.

Circumstances then recalled the lady to her native home, and our heroine was left alone. She missed her friend sadly at first, not only because of her friendship, but because of her guidance. The course of instruction she had gone through had been very thorough as far as it went, yet it frightened the young student to walk alone. Still she had been embued with too thorough a love for Art to permit her courage entirely to give way, and she never ceased striving to progress, were it ever so little.

"Poor Mignon," Lilian said once more, as she dried her tears; "how dearly you loved your early home! I wonder that time you sang your beautiful song, what music you had! Beethoven knew how to express feelings such as yours—poor little dear, you never dreamed of anything half so beautiful as this."

Leaning back against the tree beneath which she sat, her hands folded, her eyes half closed, she sent forth her rich, golden voice in Beethoven's "Kennst Du das Land?" As she sang, an expression of melancholy longing stole over her sweet, girlish face.

When the last notes had died away, and Lilian still sat lost in revery, she was startled by a deep-drawn sigh close beside her. Looking around, all trembling like a timid fawn, she saw leaning against a tree a few yards to her right, a young man, tall, well formed, and apparently five and twenty years of age. He had heavy masses of chestnut curls over the finely shaped head, deep lines of thought and care on the intellectual brow and expressive mouth; a nose of the true German type, and blue eyes shaded by long lashes, beneath which lay a world of meaning.

These eyes were now bent upon Lilian with deep earnestness, and seeing her look of startled surprise, their possessor came forward, and bowing low, said:

"Pardon, lady, this intrusion! I am a stranger in a strange land, and have been striving in this quiet spot to regain the composure I have lost. All morning I have been wrestling with myself to banish from my heart the 'Heimweh' that never leaves me. A few moments since I was attracted to this spot by the sound of your voice in the distance! When I drew near enough to hear that voice in its full glory, it was beyond my power to move away again, for the moment I forgot myself. I thought I was in my own dear 'Vaterland.' You look so like a German, sing so like a German, even pronounce so beautifully the dear German words. Can you then forgive me for having so thoughtlessly alarmed you?"

"How can I do otherwise?" was the now fearless rejoinder. "The fact of your being attracted by the music is alone excuse enough for me. Do you love music so very much then? Perhaps it is as dear to you as to me."

"Lady, I am a German," he said simply.

"I know you Germans love music. My teacher was a German lady,—that is the reason my singing reminds you of your home; I was educated in the German school."

"O, yes, I recognised that at once. There is a depth of meaning in our style that none other has."

"And why?" cried Lilian eagerly. "It is because there is more correctness required, more necessity to grasp the intentions of the composers, of whom you have by far the greatest."

"You are right," he said solemnly. "I was once a student of Art myself, and loved to grope for its hidden treasures. Since these beautiful days I have known sorrow such as God grant you may never feel; I have been a restless wanderer upon the face of the earth, and have had less opportunity of hearing and studying music than I ever had."

"But would not music have comforted you?" Lilian said, looking up compassionately into his face; "it has something for all."

"It did comfort me, lady, as I stood here awhile ago, and would comfort me again could I often hear you sing. I am not as skillful a musician though as you seem to be, and have therefore more enjoyment in listening to others than in exercising the art myself."

Thus in pleasant discourse the time flew rapidly by. They spoke not only of music, but of all that Lilian loved, her companion seeming to divine her thoughts before she uttered them. Startled at last by the approach of the dark hour, she sprang up and said she must hurry home. The stranger arose too, and as he took the little hand she extended to him, said:

"Lady, I am an exile from my home. Hitherto I have made no acquaintances, so I have no hopes of meeting you in society. It would grieve me greatly though if I should never again hear you sing, never talk with you again, for this day you have given me an hour of peace. May I then come here again?"

Lilian was young, enthusiastic, and had lived a very secluded life. Poor child, she meant no harm, she thought no harm, therefore, please God, there was no harm in her saying:

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it. I too have felt great pleasure in talking with you, and shall be delighted to see you again. At this season of the year I am always here part of the day when clear. Let me see—to make sure of meeting you, suppose I say I shall be here in the morning from nine o'clock until dinner time, which is with us about two."

With heartily expressed gratitude he left her, and little Lilian, feeling that she had merely done an act of kindness to a stranger in trouble, bent her steps homeward. Yet her cheeks were flushed, her heart fluttered strangely, and she was more than ever silent during the evening meal. When she turned from the table to seek the solitude of her chamber, her mother called after her:

"Lilian, can't you spend the evening with your family? You have been away already the whole day."

Before she had time to reply her brother, the only one now at home, a great tease, cried out:

"O, no, ma'am, we're not good enough for her ladyship."

She had just been hesitating whether she had not better remain awhile to please her mother, but now she turned away without a word. As she went up the stairs she heard her sister Ellen say:

"O, for that matter, Will, she don't think anything or anybody in the world good enough for her. She sits up there in the room star-gazing, till I should not be surprised some of these days to hear of her wanting to take up her abode in some remote planet."

This foolish speech was accompanied by loud laughter from both sister and brother, while no word of reproof came from the mother. It was this that had ever kept the girl aloof from her mother, sister and brother, when with them they laughed at all she did or loved, and took pains to say disagreeable things at her as she left the room.

Of her father she knew very little; he was so much engrossed in his business that he had but little thought for his children. Sometimes he took a notion that she spent too much money on her music and books, and would scold her and threaten that the present supply should be the last. He did not often carry out his threats, and yet they rendered her very uncomfortable, and such conversations were the only ones he had with her.

So now she shut herself in her room, and there she sat alone all that bright evening. She looked up at the sky, at the friendly moon, and down upon the waters below, her every pulse throbbed, every nerve quivered, she had never felt before as now. She believed, innocent child, that it was all pity for the stranger, he looked so sad, spoke of being an exile, lonely and alone. She would try to cheer him, she would often sing to him, surely music could comfort him. She went early to bed, so as to shorten the time till morning, for her heart told her he would come.

She was not mistaken. At nine o'clock on the following morning when she repaired to her sylvan retreat, she found the handsome stranger eagerly awaiting her. He sprang to meet her. "O, lady, how good of you to come!" he cried, in his rich beautiful, foreign accent. "May heaven reward you for your entire trust in a stranger."

He took her by the hand and led her to a seat, and as on the day before they talked long and earnestly on different topics of interest. O, how Lilian enjoyed this. In her whole life she had had but one friend to whom she could speak of what lay nearest her heart, that was her teacher. Her enjoyment now though, was more intense than it had been even with that dear friend, for her new acquaintance seemed to divine her thoughts before she uttered them, and to compel her to speak almost unconsciously.

After a while he asked her to sing to him, and her eyes lighted with pleasure as she handed him her portfolio of music.

"See what I have done!" she said. "My dearest songs lose half their beauty without the accompaniment, not to me, for I know every note by heart, and can hear it as I sing, but to the listener, Beethoven's 'Kunst Du das Land!' that I sang yesterday, is inexpressibly beautiful alone, but how much more beautiful when that wondrous melody is sustained by the accompanying chords. So you see I have brought the notes, as I judge you are musician enough to follow them with pleasure. I should like to sing you Mignon's song again, it is one of my darlings. Here, take it, and if with that music before you, you cannot supply the want of a piano, I am sorry for you."

Then she sang, and with the notes before him he listened, and could hear in imagination the accompanying chords. Ah, it was so beautiful! He drew a long breath when she had done, the dying away of last notes seemed to awaken him from a dream. He had been transported in thought first to his native home, his "Vaterland," then to the far-off spirit world.

"More, more!" he cried eagerly, almost feverishly. "I cannot bear to think, and remember who I am after that."

She sat silent a few moments as though lost in deep thought, then said:

"I know a farewell song, a very mournful one. I have brought it with me; it is here in this neat, pretty book. I love it dearly, though I can scarce tell why, for my teacher used to say it was not possible I should understand it."

Handing him the music, and waiting the time of the opening chords, she commenced in a clear, firm voice Carl Gaertner's deeply touching song, "My Little Heart." "Andante Dolcroso" it is marked, and she maintained the character well, observing strictly all the swells, slurs and marks of accentuation. The effect was wonderful, and as the stranger followed the accompaniment with its mournful minor and heart-breaking diminished chords, he was greatly affected. The words too were fine, and Lilian pronounced them distinctly and well.

The stranger sat long silent after the last wailing cry had died away, and he shuddered as he said:

"O, how beautiful, how heart-rending! But, lady, though I have known much sorrow, though I have bid many sad farewells, it has never been such as this. God grant that neither you nor I ever feel such bitter grief."

Lilian did not speak, her face was averted, and the tears were falling fast. There was in this song something so deeply pathetic, that although, as her teacher had told her, she could not fully understand it, she was always greatly affected by it.

Then both were for awhile silent. At last half shyly Lilian said, pointing to the opposite page of the same book, to the song entitled "Good-Bye."

"There is another farewell song by the same gifted composer, beautiful, yet different from the other. I shall sing it?"

He bowed assent, and her full, rich voice once more arose. This "Good Bye" was indeed different from the other, for there was a sternness mingled with the sadness. The farewell seemed here determinately and decisively spoken, and although toward the last a feeling of regret seemed to force itself in, it was bravely thrust aside, and the closing bars of the accompaniment indicated that the mind was unchanged and unchangeable.

The stranger hearkened with bowed head and eyes fastened on the page before him whilst great drops of moisture stood upon his brow. He seemed to be struggling with some fearful memory; it was as though some chord within him whose vibrations he could not endure, had been touched by this music. When Lilian was through he gasped in a strangely altered voice:

"Lady, I pray you never sing me that song again. It awakens too horrible recollections; it recalls a page of my existence I would gladly blot out forever—I will tell you my history some time, but not now, O, not now."

Without another word he arose, and plunging into the thickest of the woods, was gone. Lilian sat as though rivetted to the spot. What had so moved him? His history—she had forgotten. She had come out that day meaning to ask him who he was, and whence he came, but they had had so much to say, so much to do, time had flown so swiftly that she had forgotten it, she had thought only of the present.

She went home very, very sad, still, however, looking forward hopefully to the morrow. But alas it rained the next day, and the next and on the third it was so damp that her mother positively forbade her to go out. She was very restless all this while; she could not settle her mind to anything, and lay half her time curled upon the lounge. Time passed slowly and heavily, but the weariest days find an end at last, and the morning of the fourth day the sun rose bright and clear as though no rain had ever fallen. Lilian early bent her steps to her favorite spot in the woods, but her stranger friend was before her.

"These have been dreary days to me," he said, as he took her hand in his. "The first two days I did not leave my chamber. In the solitude my past life arose before me with all its horrors. For the first time in making such a review, I discovered that the past and the future did not occupy my entire mind as had once been the case, that something had crept into my heart that had given a present to my hitherto desolate life."

"And what is that?" Lilian asked, looking up innocently into his face. Her words were regretted though as soon as uttered, for she read something there that called a deep flush to her cheeks, and caused her to turn away her eyes.

The stranger looked earnestly and searchingly at her, and an expression of almost ecstacy crossed his face as he said:

"No matter now what it was. If I speak first of the present I shall be tempted to drop the past, and a stern duty compels me faithfully and truly to recount that. Sit down then beneath this tree, where first I saw you, and listen.

"I am an only son. As a child I was the darling of my parents, the idol of my sisters. Until my fifteenth year my education was carried on at home, in part by tutors, in part by my sister Clara, who was ten years my senior. My little sister, Minna, was my fellow student, and most cherished companion. Although two years younger than I, this ripe little spirit was well able to keep pace with me and amidst the beauties of the literature of music and of our beloved mother tongue which Clara disclosed to our wondering gaze, we roamed delighted hand in hand.

"I had two other sisters, twins, who were as inseparable as Minna and myself. They were both married on the same day, when I was about twelve years old, Hedwig, a housewifely, maternal little woman, to the young Count G———, Gretchen, meek-eyed, gentle Gretchen, to a young Captain of the Guards.

"After the brilliant wedding was over, and the dear ones gone, Minna and I wandered disconsolate through the garden. Childlike we talked over all the concerns of the family, and wondered why these girls who, sweet and pretty as they were, were less beautiful, less gifted than Clara, and four years younger than she besides, should have married first. As we walked on to the far end of the garden we met our oldest sister; she was weeping violently, passionately. At sight of us, her little pupils, she turned and fled. There was some mystery about our Clarachen; we were sure of it now, and once on the scent; we often saw traces of it.

"My mother was a woman of extreme loveliness and nobility of character. Ever since I can remember her health was delicate, and yet from her sick chamber she held entire sway in her household. She ruled us with the law of love, it is true, but she did rule, she was the only creature in the world who could bend my father's iron will, in her hands he was as a child.

"Just after she died, which was when I was about fifteen, our Gretchen was left a widow. Her husband was killed by a fall from his horse, and the broken-hearted child came home with her babe to her father's house.

"As a child, I had always fancied I would choose music for my profession, and I knew it was the dearest wish of Clara's heart that I should do so. As I grew older, however, and discovered how much more rapid my little Minna's progress was than mine, I became discouraged, and held back. Dearly as I loved music, and had always been taught to love it from my earliest infancy, and intensely as I enjoyed it, there was something within me that ever prevented me from giving the true expression. It was as though a cloud came over me at times when I would have most light. This being the case, I felt that it was not for me to attempt to teach others what Art was, that I dare not enter upon that calling which, when looked upon aright, is the highest, the holiest upon earth. My darling Minna, on the contrary, made wonderous advances. She had obtained astonishing skill upon the piano, and seemed to have an understanding beyond her years. She composed a little too. Her little songs had, I suppose, no great depth, but they were fresh and pure, and I was very proud of them.

"So now I yielded to my father's plans, and arrangements were made for me to enter the University of ———. One day, shortly before I left home, Clara, who of late had seemed more than ever troubled and restless, called Minna and me to her chamber. She first talked to me earnestly about my approaching college career, and gave me much advice as to my future conduct. She then kissed us both fondly, and said she had something to tell us, that she was going to leave us, and thought it a duty she owed herself and us to tell us why.

"Her history was soon told, when about sixteen years of age, whilst still at the music school where she was educated, she had met and loved one to whom our father was bitterly opposed, because, although his family was as good as ours, he was poor. They were secretly betrothed, and then the noble youth had gone to America in hopes of there providing the means to give her such a position as her father desired. They had corresponded during all these long years, and Clara loved him more and more for the hardships he had endured for her sake, for he had been very unfortunate, and had met with nothing but one long series of disappointments and losses. Often when his letters were particularly desponding Clara felt drawn to yield to a suggestion he had once made that she should meet him at the house of her cousin in Liverpool, where they could be married without her father's consent. She was half inclined to think it was her duty to share his fate, but was restrained by the certainty that the shock would kill her mother. After mother's death she felt it impossible to leave us and our sorrow-stricken father. Even after Gretchen returned home she did not see her way clear to go, at least for a while.

"But now she had received news that would make it a crime for her to remain longer at home. He was ill, home-sick, and weary, in a strange land, whither he had gone for her sake; and she was resolved to go out to him, marry him, and thus gain a right to comfort and nurse him. Her father, with whom she had just had an interview, of course sternly forbade this, but her purpose was unshaken.

"She bade us both good-by; for she said she would not see us again, as it was best to maintain perfect secrecy as to the time and manner of her departure. She told us to make our minds easy about her, for a brother of the Liverpool cousin in Hamburg, through whom she had received her letters, had made all the necessary arrangements for her journey. She had jewelry enough she said, to pay all her expenses and leave her something handsome besides.

"Clara must have possessed wonderful tact, for whilst fully enlisting our sympathies in her cause, she in newise aroused indignation against our father. On the contrary, she led us to pity him that his eldest child was compelled to inflict so deep a wound upon him. She made us feel that it was quite natural for a father in the position of ours, to object to his daughter undertaking alone so hazardous a journey to wed one to whom he was so decidedly opposed, and for whose sake she had refused so many brilliant offers. She told us we must care for him, and comfort him and poor Gretchen.

"When she saw how bitterly we were weeping, she told Minna she must compose herself for her brother's sake, me that I must set an example of fortitude to my little sister. She said too that we must remember the agony of anxiety and suspense she was suffering, and not add to her grief. Thus the first burst of sorrow was dissipated at thought of the importance of the duties we had to perform, and we left her quite calm, dreading that any traces of agitation might betray her.

"In the morning she was gone. Our father pursued, her, but in vain; her plans were too well laid to render discovery possible; and no one knew when or how she had started. Father's rage knew no bounds; he saw his will for the first time set at defiance, and by a girl; but after the first torrent of grief had subsided, he evinced deep grief at Clara's loss, and I know he must have missed her sadly. Gretchen cried a great deal, and pressed her little baby tight in her arms for comfort; but amid our grief Minna and I could not but feel rejoiced to see that the letter Clara had left for her, had won her heart. We learned soon that it was the same too with Hedwig.

"When the time approached for me to leave for college, little Minna clung closer and closer to me. 'What will I do without my Hery?' she would say; 'what will become of me with Hery and Clara both gone?' In vain I reminded her of Gretchen and her little one. 'Yes, yes,' she would say, 'I love them dearly—but they are not my Hery, not my Clarchen!'

"On the day I left home she cried as though her heart would break; she little knew, poor darling, that a bitterer sorrow was in store for her than that parting. Gretchen bade me a tender farewell, and my father folded me to his breast, invoked Heaven's blessing upon me, and said he looked for me to be the comfort of his old age.

"Four years of college life soon rolled away and were gone. In this time I was only home during the vacations, and always found my little Minna fairer and lovelier. Ah, how well I remember the pride I felt each time at the advance my precious sister made in her musical studies under the guidance of the artist in whose hands Clara had left her. Hedwig, with her little family, often came to us during these visits, and it was a touching sight to see her and Gretchen together—the one so full of life and happiness, the other so broken and withered.

"Nothing of importance happened during my stay at the University of ———. I at times got into boyish scrapes, it is true, yet never so serious but that my room-mate and dearest friend, Max Crampton, could shield me from their consequences.

"After graduating, Max and I entered the Military School for which we were both destined. Here I began a stirring life; the discipline was terribly severe, but this seemed only to rouse the daring of the students, and excitement followed upon excitement. There was one Professor, quite an old man, who was a great favorite amongst us all, he was as strict as the rest when his attention was forcibly called to broken rules, but he had a happy faculty of not observing any trifle that was amiss. He had a warm heart, and had not forgotten that he had been young once himself.

"Now it chanced that this good old soul made some remarks at a public dinner, about a movement of Government, just then the prevailing topic of the day, which by his enemies, two Professors, jealous of his popularity, were construed into treason. He was informed upon, and arrested before night. Poor old Steinbach, treason was far from his thoughts!

"We students were filled with the greatest indignation at his arrest, and determined to rescue him at all hazards, for otherwise we knew not how soon he might meet with the punishment awarded to traitors—death. Twenty of us met together to hold counsel as to what was to be done. After much thought and deliberation our plans were formed. Max and I were appointed to act; we went in disguise to the state prison, treated the guards to well-drugged liquor, and when they had fallen into a heavy sleep, stole their keys and made our way to poor Steinbach's cell. We had great difficulty in persuading the old man to come with us, and only succeeded by representing to him the lonely, forlorn condition of his young daughter.

"Next day the whole city was in an uproar, various rumors were afloat as to the manner of the prisoner's escape; but so skillfully had we conducted our manœuvres, so carefully concealed our old friend that no traces of the truth were to be discovered. Max and I, being prime movers, felt the chief responsibility, and we decided that it was not right to have so many students aware of the hiding place of our charges—Steinbach and his daughter. All were bound by a solemn oath, the hearts of all seemed in the matter, but unintentionally they might betray their knowledge.

"So we determined to make a clean of sending them to America—such a course in reality would have been impracticable—they were far too helpless to cast upon the world alone. We called a meeting of our secret union, proposed the idea, Max and I undertaking to defray their expenses, and met with the hearty approval of all. Steinbach, as usual, was brought to agree to the manœuvre on the plea of his daughter; and the leave-taking between him and the students was quite touching.

"We managed to secrete our charges in a village at no great distance, at the house of an old servant of Max's family. Steinbach we concealed in an upper chamber of the house, an unused apartment which always was considered haunted; the girl passed for an orphan cousin of the worthy man of the house. My allowance was sufficient to enable me to support them comfortably, and not cramp myself too much. As Max had shared the danger and trouble of the undertaking, I had wished him to share the credit of providing the means for the clean journey to America. We often rode out on horseback, sometimes alone, sometimes together, to look after our charges without exciting remark, for we were both great horsemen, and our rides were departing nothing from our usual custom.

"Meanwhile the term of our military course expired, and I returned home for awhile before entering upon the honorable position my father had secured for me. Minna's joy knew no bounds in having me home once more, yet, poor child, she must have been much disappointed in me, for I was greatly changed from the sympathetic companion of former days. I was silent and absent; the constant anxiety of the past two years had told upon me. Minna said I was sick, she fondled and caressed me, and played me O, such beautiful music, to make me well again. With what inexpressible yearning I longed to lay my head upon her shoulder and tell her all my care, but I dared not break down her young life with my burthen.

"One day my father called me to his study and showed me a letter he had just received from my mother's only brother, a rich and childless baron. It stated that the writer had been very ill, and feeling that his end was drawing near, he thought it time to settle his worldly affairs. His whole estate he knew rounded to me, but the dearest wish of his heart was that I should share it with the child of his affections. He asked, therefore, as his dying wish, which he knew we could not refuse, that I should marry his ward, the niece of his dead wife. This young girl, he said, was dear to him as his own child, and as he wished her happiness secured before he died, he would like the marriage to take place at once. He would do his part toward preparing the mind of his ward, and expected the same of my father with regard to me.

"I was completely taken by surprise at this intelligence, and at first rather objected to being

hurried off at a moment's notice to celebrate my nuptials with a young lady I had never seen, merely for the sake of gratifying my eccentric uncle's fancies. My father insisted; he thought, I suppose, it was time I should settle, and this young girl was descended from an ancient race, one with whom he felt a pride in uniting our family. At last, fearing my father would search for the cause of my refusal, have me watched, discover my visits to Steinbach, and thinking Lydie was the cause of them, inquire more closely about her than was consistent with her father's welfare, I yielded.

"Besides, after all, there was something romantic in the idea of this death-bed bridal with one I had never seen, and I was glad of anything to draw my mind from the beaten track into which it had fallen. I had never loved, never even had a passing fancy for any one; my ideal was so exalted that I began to doubt the possibility of its realization. Might not this young ward of my uncle's, I thought, after all, make me as good a wife as any one I could select for myself?

"It may seem strange that Lydie Steinbach had never touched my heart; she was pretty, attractive, and her entire dependence upon me seemed calculated to call forth a feeling of tenderness. I liked her well enough, but never felt in the slightest degree drawn toward her. Besides, I soon discovered Max's deep, earnest love for her, and thought of her only as his future bride.

"Before night, we were on our way to my uncle's, Minna, father and myself. Poor Gretchen scarcely or never left home, and Hedwig was in Vienna on a visit with her husband and little ones. I will not dwell upon that wedding—the memory is too painful to me—suffice it to say that it was very different from the quiet, solemn nuptials with a weeping, shrinking bride, such as I had pictured to myself. Despatches had been sent, announcing our approach, and at noon the next day, when we arrived, we found the whole house thrown open with a festal air, and the saloon thronged with guests.

"My uncle was attired in wedding garments, his pale, haggard face, on which death had plainly set his stamp, was contorted into smiles of gayety and congratulation. His ward, a young girl of eighteen, of exquisite gracefulness and dazzling beauty, was arrayed in the most faultless bridal garments. They carried the poor old man down stairs, that he might give away the bride,—ah, there was a mockery about the whole thing that jarred upon my feelings. Well, two hours after Bertha Holstein and I were made man and wife. As the last guest departed, my uncle fell back dead upon his chair.

"From the very first there was no promise of happiness between Bertha and myself. I distrusted her, because, although Uncle Leybach had assured us it was in accordance to his wishes, I could not but feel that she had instigated the preparation of the festivities at such a time. It was a long while before I recovered from the shock I received that day.

"It was wonderful what a delight my wife took in striving to appear to me more heartless than she really was. Yes, there were times, during the first weeks of our marriage especially, when I felt irresistibly drawn towards her, she was so young, so childlike, so alone in the world. These passing impressions would soon wear away, when, at some trifling opposition, she would throw herself into a passion that was alarming, destroying every vestige of beauty. But when the fit was over, she would be so winning and lovely that I would excuse to myself what had passed, on the plea of her being a spoiled child. By degrees I grew to indulge her whims and fancies far more, I know, than was good for her. Poor little thing, she should have had some one to train and teach her, some one who understood her peculiar temperament. Me, she wearied and tormented, and although often unkind and cross to her, in the end I gave way for peace and quiet.

"On one point I was firm, I would not yield to Bertha's wish to throw the house open for general society until at least one year after the death of the former proprietor had elapsed. There was company enough in a small way, what with the intimate friends of the house and my own family. But Bertha had set her heart on a large party, and to that I would not consent. At last she declared that it was impossible to live on any longer in the way we were doing. She would die of ennui. She said she had grown so dull; if she could have no pleasure at home she must seek it elsewhere, she would go visit her friends in Berlin.

"To this I acquiesced; I thought a change would be beneficial to us both, and I could endure gayety anywhere better than in that house. At Berlin, alas, instead of relief, new difficulties awaited me. In the house where we were staying there were many young men, and I found my wife ready to flirt with any or all of them. I remonstrated, but Bertha laughed, and at the end of three weeks I commanded her to return home with me.

"So far I had had no important duties assigned me connected with my office under government. Strangely enough, on my return I found papers necessitating my absence from home for some time. For the first time I saw Bertha give signs of feeling; the tears stood in her eyes as she told me she would miss me more than I knew.

"In a moment the mood changed, and she began to plead that she might have the party she wanted before I went away. I was very angry. Really it seemed as though she had assumed regret merely to make me give way to her—and words passed between us which, when once spoken, cannot be taken back. Bertha threatened she would give the party herself during my absence. Her right was first, she said; she had lived in that house before I had dreamed of doing so. Uncle Leybach always let her have her way, and I, who had married her only to share his wealth, ought surely to do the same.

"This was too much for me; anything else I could have borne, but this was beyond endurance. Coolly and contemptuously I explained the real state of the case, how the inheritance was mine by right, and how I had married her to please my uncle.

"'It is better,' I said, 'that we part at once than live in discord all our lives. I should not like to go through many such scenes. This house, and all it contains is at your service. I shall see too that half of your late guardian's income is regularly paid to you. May you enjoy your liberty and be happy! The world need know nothing of this separation, for the present at least, though I need hardly say I mean it to be a permanent one.'

"She looked at me half-startled, half-defiantly—the passion for the moment cooled. She recovered herself almost at once, though, and retorted scornfully: 'O, as you please, sir, it is immaterial to me.'

"'Farewell then, Bertha!' I cried, 'henceforth we are strangers.'

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Washington Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

This past week the gaieties of the capital have begun in real earnest. On Tuesday night, despite the announcement that the White House would be closed for repairs for some time, the ladies of the Executive mansion gave a Reception. It was not a regular Presidential levee, although the President was part of the time in the room. A good many gentlemen, who had come prepared only to see him, turned away disappointed on finding it a mere ladies' reception. The east room was not open, there was no music, and the whole affair was quite informal. The ladies who went in full ball costume found themselves rather overdressed for the occasion, and many were present in hats, which have not been admissible at former levees.

Speaking of this rule reminds me of some amusing mistakes which occurred last winter, on account of the extreme smallness of the hats then worn. The Marshall, it is said, was more than once on the point of turning away ladies in caps because he supposed their fanciful head-dresses of lace and flowers to be fashionable bonnets.

On Wednesday was the grand reception day of the families of all the members of the Cabinet, and Mrs. Senator Morgan, who occupies an elegant house here. On Thursday, Mrs. Senator Harris gave a reception. On Friday, the ladies of the White House again received, and at the Smithsonian Institute, Prof. Henry's family were "At home." In the evening, Mr. Secretary Welles had a reception; and Saturday Mrs. Senator Sprague had a brilliant levee, and in the evening Admiral Dahlgren had a party.

As I was by no means at all of these gay affairs, having been much occupied in attending the debates in Congress, which have been unusually interesting, I will, if you please, describe for you only what I really saw, and will begin with Mrs. Sprague's reception on Saturday.

The house of Chief Justice Chase or Senator Sprague, for they form one family, is on the corner of E street and Sixth. It is a large, double-brick house, with nothing very striking in its external appearance. On entering, there is a large parlor on the right and a library on the left, a long room at the back completing the suit.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Sprague received her friends. As Kate Chase her beauty was celebrated, and her matronly dignities seem not to have robbed her of a single charm. She is about the medium height of womanhood, with a very slight figure, a waist fairly sylph-like in its slender proportions, her small and well shaped head well set above a long and literally "swan-like" neck, her golden hair, which waves without the aid of art, is simply drawn back in a heavy coil; her complexion is very fine, her features regular, but her great beauty is her eyes. They are deep, fathomless blue, with the most wonderfully long and thick lashes I have ever seen, giving them a peculiar softness and fascination of expression.

Mrs Sprague's manners are perfect in their queenly dignity; indeed, she is celebrated as entertaining with more charming grace than any other lady in Washington. Her dress that day was a dark purple silk, trimmed with white guipure lace on the shoulders, sleeves, and on the long basque at the back. She wore a large collar of the same lace, and ornaments of diamonds and pearls, the pin containing, I think, the largest single pearl I ever saw.

Having paid our respects to Mrs. Sprague, we passed through a crowd of fashionably dressed people to the rear room, where there was music and dancing for such of the young folk as chose to take part in it. Stella seemed to enjoy very much whirling about with the young officers, enough of whom still grace the Washington drawing-rooms to make very agreeable partners. For my part, I amused myself looking about at celebrities, and noting the beautiful dresses.

Adjutant-General McKeever was there with his fine-looking wife, who was amongst the gayest of the dancers. She wore a dark brocade silk, black lace shawl, and white hat. Mrs. Senator Morgan was there, large and stately, in a brown silk, white opera cloak, and white lace hat crossed with bars of blue velvet. Superintendent Kennedy was there, a tall, handsome man, with grey hair and side whiskers; and at last Governor Sprague himself came in.

Your readers are probably all familiar, from photographs, with his slight figure and handsome, almost boyish face. On the floor of the Senate and from the gallery he looks so strikingly young as to seem almost out of place among those "grave and reverend seniors," but on a closer inspection one can see lines of thought and care that prove him quite old enough in experience as well as in years for the responsible position he now holds.

Turning away after a time from the drawing-room we went to the library, where refreshments were provided—and there we discovered the baby. He is a bright little fellow of some six months, with dark hair and eyes like his father's. He was magnificently dressed in a point lace robe, made up over blue silk; and had an elegantly-embroidered white merino blanket thrown around him.

The latest subject of gossip in fashionable circles is the approaching marriage of Mrs. Douglas. It is to take place in the church of St. Aloysius, on the 23rd. The happy man who has won this peerless lady, is Brevet Brigadier-General Robert Williams, of the Adjutant-General's Department. He is a tall and handsome man, and a universal favorite with all who know him.

Mrs. Douglas has been living, since her illustrious husband's death, in her father's house on I street. Her property has proved to be much more considerable than was at first supposed, amounting to a very pretty fortune. She lives in handsome style, keeping a carriage, and entertaining a great deal. Some persons have objected that she ought never to marry, but to live forever contented with the honor of her present name; but the widow of Sir Philip Sidney took another husband, why not the widow of Stephen A. Douglas? The lady being a devout Catholic General Williams has abjured his own faith for hers.

The fresco painting in the dome of the Capital has been uncovered only within the last few days. It is very amusing to see people standing under it and staring up at it from all directions—it is by no means an easy thing to see it, as it is so directly above at a height of one hundred and sixty feet; but at the risk of having my head cut off by my bonnet strings, I send you some description of it.

It was designed and painted by Mr. Brumidi, an Italian artist, and is certainly a most exquisite thing. As the dome springs from a point within the freize of the cornice you do not see its base, and therefore as you gaze up at it, it seems almost as if the figures there depicted were really floating in the clouds. The tone of these painted clouds is warm, yellow, or yellowish white, predominating among these in the centre Victory, and Fame crowning Washington, with a troop of mythological persons around them. On the sides are groups representing the arts and sciences, over one of which presides Minerva, and another Vulcan. These figures are truly grand—they seem fairly to stand out from the canvas, that of Pallas Athene especially in all its majesty, seems to glow with living and queenly grace. It is an immense improvement to have the rotunda finished at last, and free from the ugly scaffoldings of workmen, and although some of the pictures which adorn (?) it are simply hideous, it is on the whole a majestic and imposing building.

A REMONSTRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sister Zig:—Permit me thus to address you, for I too belong to the extensive sisterhood, known as lady teachers. In perusing The Post of January 13th, 1866, I read your article headed "An Evil." Now I generally like your writings, that is, those that I have read, but I *did not* like this. While I acknowledge that many of your assertions are, "alas, too true!" still I think they are far more sweeping than the occasion will justify. In the first place, you say, "if any one wishes to do penance for all their sins in the past, and, also those which they may commit in the future, '*teach school one year*,' and unless they are endowed with a physical frame, stronger than the British Constitution, they will be in heaven before the year is out, (that is, if they are happy enough to reach that blessed place)." Now I am not endowed with a very strong constitution, and never was, and I have been teaching for the last four years, in one of our great, swelling, unwieldy, public schools, too, and I have endeavored to do my *whole duty* to the best of my ability, and I still survive the dreadful trial; and enjoy reasonable good health. It is nothing to boast of, never was, but still it is no worse than it was when I began to teach. And in regard to complaints, letters, &c., which you say we may expect, for they will surely come, in unlimited numbers; I know not how it may have been in your case, but I *do* know that such has not been my fate. To be sure, I have received a few, to vary the monotony of my school-life, but none to signify.

I expect to earn my daily bread by teaching school during my life-time, and I am preposterous enough to have nerves, and feelings, too, and I think I should be a sorry teacher without either.

I have endeavored to be mild and persuasive, "to rear the immortal souls committed to my care" by the winning influences of love and moral precepts, and I have thus far succeeded. I acknowledge I have had cases where something of a more severe nature was necessary, but they have been like "angels' visits," few and far between. My faith in moral suasion is as strong as ever, and, thank God, my faith in humanity still exists as bright as when I first entered upon my life's work.

I am an enthusiast, and always have been, throwing all my energies into whatever I am engaged in, doing with my might what my hands or brains have found to do. When I began my life work of teaching, it was with bright hopes and golden aspirations; and although I have been disappointed in a few instances, they yet remain brighter and purer than ever, nerving me on to greater exertions and more strenuous efforts for the education of our youth. It is true, I am often discouraged, and when wearied in body and mind, with nerves unstrung, and throbbing temples, I am forced to exclaim, "who will deliver me from the body of this death?" then I think the teacher's life a hard one, and would fain retire from its arduous duties; (whose name is legion,) but when I enter the school room, and meet the gaze of those bright eyes, and see those little, smiling, happy faces upturned to mine, and hear the cheerful "Good-morning, teacher," my heart throbs with renewed life, and my energies receive a new impulse in the cause in which I am engaged; and I buckle on the teacher's armor of Patience, Faith, Hope and Love, and press "onward and upward" in my glorious calling.

I cannot believe that all that is affectionate, generous, and hopeful in my nature must of a necessity wither away. The picture which you have drawn may be a true one of one who teaches from compulsion, who has no affinity with her work, no adaptedness, and who detests school teaching. Such a one should never engage in the work of teaching; they have no business there. There are other ways in which she can employ her talents to more advantage. She should consult her own wishes, and engage in that employment for which she is best prepared and adapted both by nature and education. If none but those who have a natural adaptation to teaching, who feel in their hearts that that is the work which God has given them to do, "their divine calling," there would be better schools, more respect for the profession, and the lady teachers, and better remuneration for all. It is those teachers who detest teaching, who enter the profession merely for their living that has brought us into such disrepute. By this I do not intend any insinuations, but am merely speaking in general terms.

And now a word to young ladies who have their living to make. If you feel in your heart of hearts that you are better adapted to teaching than to any other profession, in short, that it is your life work, I bid you a hearty welcome to our circle. Enter it, and perform the work which you there find to do with a hearty good will. Be determined. Take for your motto "onward and upward, better and nobler every day," and with God's blessing on your efforts, you will succeed, and great will be your reward in the future.

IDA.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 170[illegible] head. The prices realized from [illegible] ⅌ lb. [illegible] Cows brought from $[illegible] to [illegible] ⅌ head. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from [illegible] ⅌ lb. [illegible] Hogs sold at from $12.50 [illegible] ⅌ 100 lbs.

A Poisonous Animal.

A fine eland was shot by Dr. Kirk, the first we have killed. It was in first-rate condition, and remarkably fat; but the meat, though so tempting in appearance, severely deranged all who partook of it heartily, especially those who ate of the fat. Natives who live in game countries, and are acquainted with the different kinds of wild animals, have a prejudice against the fat of the eland, the pallah, the zebra, hippopotamus, and pig. They never reject it, however, the climate making the desire for all animal food very strong; but they consider that it causes ulcers and leprosy, while the fat of sheep and oxen never produce any bad effects unless the animal is diseased.—*Livingstone's Expedition to the Zambesi.*

JULES JARED'S
"EMAIL DE PARIS"
FOR IMPARTING BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, CLEARNESS AND SOFTNESS TO THE SKIN.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

The secret of beautifying the skin being known only to JULES JARED, he honorably states that it differs from all other skin preparations, being perfectly innocent, producing the most brilliant complexion, and giving a soft, even texture to the skin, like that of an infant, without presenting the least meretricious appearance. The agents of the "Email" have received many letters concerning its merits, from ladies and gentlemen of high standing in social life, but the restraints of private life forbid their publication. They have, therefore, been constrained to limit these testimonials to the letters of ladies whose names are already before the public for their talents and genius, among whom are M'lle Felicita Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller and many other distinguished and high-toned lady artistes in the United States.

PHILADELPHIA, November 30, 1864.

JULES JARED & CO. GENTLEMEN: I have received, and, with entire satisfaction, used the "Email de Paris." Compelled, as I am, to the use of powders as stage requirements, I find that the "Email" produces all the brilliancy of rouge and lily-white, with the great and peculiar advantage of total harmlessness. It really adds to the softness and smoothness of the skin, without conveying the slightest meretricious idea.

I have no hesitation in recommending it to the profession and the public. And so, believe me, with thanks, Yours truly, LUCILLE WESTERN.

L'Email de Paris is no vulgar paste, paint, powder, or ointment, but a most delicious preparation, which, by its healthful and purifying effect, brings forth freshness, color and beauty, giving both the complexion and texture of polished ivory to the skin. Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., below Chestnut, Agent for "L'Email de Paris." Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Importers, Philadelphia.

"Joy to the World."
THE INTRODUCTION OF
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER
To the suffering humanity of this age, has relieved more pain and caused more real joy than any other one thing that can be named.
IT IS A
"BALM FOR EVERY WOUND."
OUR FIRST PHYSICIANS USE, AND RECOMMEND ITS USE.

The Apothecary finds it first among the medicines called for, and the Wholesale Druggist considers it a leading article of his trade. All the dealers in medicine speak alike in its favor; and its reputation as a medicine of great merit and virtue is fully and permanently established.

A few extracts will show the character of nearly every letter we receive.

A. N. WILLIAMS, Parkersburg, Va., one of the oldest and most respectable and reliable Druggists of Western Virginia, writes:

"I can say of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, what I could not say of many of the medicines of the day. In my trade it is a leading article. I sell largely of it, and it gives entire satisfaction to all. I would on no account be without it."

JOHN PARRINE, Druggist, at Athens, Ohio, writes:

"I sell considerable of Davis' Pain Killer in this place, and it is well liked and highly commended by all who use it."

GEO. WILLIAMS, Druggist, at Rockingport, Ohio, writes:

"Perry Davis' Pain Killer is quite generally used by the inhabitants of our town, and is much extolled. I think it the best medicine I have for the use for which it is recommended."

GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

WALTER CURTIS, Esq., an old and very reliable farmer, residing on his farm near Chester, O., writes:

"Your Pain Killer for Colic or Bots in Horses, is an infallible cure. And for all Cramp, Pain, Colic, Burns, &c., we find it, in our house, a never failing Balm." jan27-2t

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.
Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
nov4-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

Itch, Itch, Scratch no More.

"Itch" Cures in from 12 to 48 hours "Tetter"
"Itch" SWAYNE'S OINTMENT "Tetter"
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Salt rheum, Scald-head, all Skin Diseases. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. dec9-eow

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

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"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Billious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists, for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-1y

HEALTH IS WEALTH.—GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c.—Disease is indiscriminate in the selection of its victims—the king possesses no more immunity from the twinges of gout or neuralgia in his weather-proof palace, than the beggar from the attacks of rheumatism in his time battered hovel. Wealth of [illegible] can neither cure sickness nor preserve health—else it would be a monopoly of the rich—on the contrary, the gouty or rheumatic millionaire would willingly exchange half his possessions for the robust constitution of the daily laborer. To the millions whose subsistence depends on toil, health is truly wealth, and the loss of it entails on them the misery and sufferings which are the bane of poverty; but the cheapness of Holloway's Pills and Ointment obviate this evil by placing them within the reach of all who are exposed to the direful effects of the weather.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The JANUARY number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "THE FOREST GLEANER," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "THE HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET," which the ladies say is magnificent. The LARGE DOUBLE COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

STEEL PLATE—THE FOREST GLEANER.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Stephen Wharton's Will—Children's Winter Coats—Net, with Grelot's of Wax Beads—Border for a Jacket, Burnous, &c.—Winter Dress for a Little Girl—Handkerchief Vignette.
MUSIC—Ferguson's Polka.
STEPHEN WHARTON'S WILL.
CHILDHOOD. By SYBIL PARK.
"PEACE." By EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.
MRS. TRUNK. By FRANCES LEE.
MY PILLOW AND I. By MARCIA HOPE.
SUMMER RAIN. By S. FILLMORE BENNETT.
"A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE." By LOUISE WALTER.
SONG. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
PAUL'S STORY; OR, FRENCH LESSONS. By TRACY TOWNE.
CLARICE. By AUGUST BELL.
THE TWO NIGHTINGALES. By AUBER FORESTIER.
PRAYER. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
IN ILLNESS. By FLORENCE PERCY.
LINES. By IDA MASON.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. HEYDON.
TWILIGHT MUSINGS. By AUNT ALICE.
LOVING MARY. By JENNIE TEMPLE.
ARTHUR'S WIFE.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and *one gratis*) $16. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. The publishers give WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated $55 Sewing Machines on the following terms:

Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$70
Thirty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$80
Forty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$100

Send 15 cents for a sample copy to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

LARGE PROFITS can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St., Boston. jan20-6t

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is very little export demand for Flour. Sales [illegible] bbls, at $7[illegible] for common and good superfine; $[illegible] for extras, $[illegible] for spring wheat families; $[illegible] for red wheat do, and $[illegible] ⅌ bbl for white wheat family and fancy brands. Rye Flour—[illegible] bbls were disposed of at $5.50 ⅌ bbl. Buckwheat Meal sells at $4.25 ⅌ 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—For Wheat the demand is limited. Sales of [illegible] bushels, at $[illegible] for fair, $2.15@2.30 for good and choice reds, and $[illegible] for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is selling at [illegible] for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn—About [illegible] bushels, mostly new yellow, sold at [illegible], white at [illegible], and old yellow at [illegible]. Oats—about [illegible] bushels were disposed of at [illegible] for Pennsylvania and Delaware.

PROVISIONS.—The market is firm but inactive. Further sales of Mess Pork are reported at $[illegible] ⅌ bbl; pickled Hams [illegible]; Shoulders [illegible]; tierce Lard at [illegible] ⅌ lb. Dressed Hogs are in fair demand, with sales at [illegible] ⅌ lb. Butter is dull, prices range at [illegible] for common to prime. Cheese is steady at [illegible], the latter for prime New York State. Eggs are selling at [illegible] ⅌ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is firm; sales reaching some [illegible] bales for the week at [illegible] for low and good middlings.

BARK.—Quercitron is limited, with sales of first No. 1 at $[illegible] ⅌ ton. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX.—Good yellow is offered at [illegible] ⅌ lb.

COAL.—Prices are irregular, and the receipts very light.

COFFEE.—The market is quiet. Sales [illegible] bags Rio at [illegible], currency, and [illegible] bags St. Domingo at [illegible], gold.

FEATHERS continue dull at about [illegible] ⅌ lb.

FRUIT moves off slowly at $[illegible] for Green Apples, and $[illegible] ⅌ bbl for Cranberries. Of dried Fruits the sales are limited at [illegible] for Apples, and [illegible] ⅌ lb for unpared Peaches.

HAY continues steady at $[illegible] ⅌ ton.

HOPS are selling from [illegible] to [illegible] ⅌ lb, for old and new.

IRON.—The market is very dull; there is some demand for Pig Metal, which is offered at $[illegible] for forge, and $[illegible] for foundry, the latter for good No. 1.

OILS.—Petroleum is very dull at [illegible] for crude, [illegible] for refined in bond, and [illegible] for free Oils.

PLASTER is scarce at $4.50 ⅌ ton.

SEEDS.—Prime Cloverseed is scarce. Sales of [illegible] bus are reported at $[illegible] ⅌ bus for common to prime. Timothy, nothing doing. Flaxseed is steady, at $3.15 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS.—Whiskey—Sales of Pennsylvania and Western at $2[illegible].

SUGARS.—The market is steady, sales [illegible] hhds Cuba, at [illegible], gold.

TALLOW is selling at [illegible] ⅌ lb for rendered.

WOOL.—The market is firm but quiet at [illegible] for fine fleece, [illegible] for medium, and [illegible] for coarse.

HON. A. K. McCLURE, editor of the Chambersburg *Repository*, pays the following compliment to the Colton Dental Association:

"We recently tested, personally, the use of the Nitrous Oxide Gas, administered by Dr Colton, No. — Walnut street, Philadelphia, in a dental operation, and feel that we cannot too highly commend it to persons who must undergo painful operations. An inflamed root of a tooth that had defied our best efforts, mainly because the preliminary operation of getting a hold on it sufficient to extract it would have been too painful to be borne, was taken out by Dr. Colton in one minute from the time we took the chair, and the first knowledge we had of any operation at all was his presentation of the troublesome tooth. The gas is entirely harmless when pure, the effect of it when inhaling it is pleasant, and the most nervous persons can take it without any disagreeable results. But a few seconds are required to produce insensibility; in one minute it usually passes off entirely and the patient feels none of the unpleasant sensations in the head, or the nausea often produced by ether. It is certainly a discovery of priceless value to sufferers. Dr. Colton has administered it to over six thousand patients, with entire success in every case. His daily use of the gas now exceeds two hundred gallons. It is not used in the country towns, we presume, because the demand for it would be limited, and it would be expensive to keep a supply of pure, fresh gas on hand all the time where not much used. We notice that it is now applied in many of the most important surgical operations."

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 30 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL COURTNEY to Miss MARY J. LEBENS, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 21st of Dec., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. EDWARD T. WEAVER to Miss EMMA HOMILLER, daughter of M. Homiller, Esq., both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS to Miss CORNELIA WATT, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. J. S. BATTERSBY to Miss MARTHA MILNER, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Kennedy, Mr. PHILIP H. HOFF to Miss MAGGIE P. LANE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, KATE, wife of Chas. H. Moore, in her 45th year.

On the 15th instant, JOSEPH SUMMERVILLE, in his 36th year.

On the 16th instant, ROBERT PATTERSON, aged 67 years.

On the 16th instant, JAMES M. MOORE, in his 33d year.

On the 13th instant, GEORGE MERRICK, formerly of Bucks county, Pa., aged 62 years.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM H. THORNTON, aged 30 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. ELLEN LITTLE, aged 65 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. ALBERT CURTIS, in his 30th year.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM BANCROFT, in his 55th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

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HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the distingue appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
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"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,

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Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

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JAY COOKE & CO.,
Philadelphia, January 1, 1866.

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JAY COOKE,
WM. G. MOORHEAD.
Philadelphia, January 1, 1866. jan20-4t

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FARMERS and DEALERS in FERTILIZERS will please take notice that we have adopted the following Trade Mark to protect ourselves, and prevent those who use our RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE from being deceived when purchasing manures.

We have been obliged to give this protection to our customers, in consequence of several parties having unlawfully used our distinctive name, viz: "Raw Bone," in offering their article to the public. This Trade Mark is adopted in addition to the title "Raw Bone," which is our exclusive property, and we caution all manufacturers from using it in future. We would state to the trade and consumers, that they will find it to their interest to see that the "Trade Mark" is upon every bag and barrel they purchase, as none other is genuine. BAUGH & SONS.

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The present indications are that we shall have a greatly increased demand over last spring and fall seasons, and we advise Farmers to send in their orders to their respective Dealers at an early day, that all may be supplied promptly.

Soliciting your continued orders, we remain, yours very truly,
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see Prospectus. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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IMPROVED
SEWING
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PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
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"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

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STEEL COMPOSITION
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BELLS.
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The following is a copy of the certificate of the Board of Managers of the *American Institute* in response to the Report of the Committee of Judges on Bells:
No. 989.
G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.
(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS,
Secretary Board of Managers.
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DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF,
Which, in the first stages of a cold, acts like magic—Headache, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, and Bronchitis, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Bad Taste and Smell, being the result of Catarrh. This snuff removes and prevents all these, and insures a healthy Head. Its effects are pleasant and safe, even for infants who suffer from Snuffles.
It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail to all parts of U. S., for 30 cents for one box, or $1 for four boxes. Address, JAS. DURNO, P. O. Box 1235, New York.
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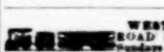

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Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry.
For Cape May, &c., at 9:30 A. M., Mail; 3:30 P. M., Passenger.
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THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY
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MADE NEW, without Spectacles, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. dec9-3m

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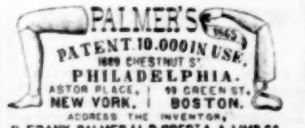

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no4-eowly

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,
WHOSE TIMELY USE, UNDER PROVIDENCE, HAS OFTEN SAVED LIFE.

These celebrated Vegetable Pills are no new, untried remedy; they have been used and tested in the United States for thirty years, and are relied upon by hundreds of thousands of families as almost their sole medicine when sick. No care or expense is spared in their preparation, and it is certainly true when I assert that no King can have a medicine safer or surer than Brandreth's Pills.

They produce a good effect upon disease almost immediately they are taken. By some wonderful power, perhaps electric or nervous influence, the progress of diseased action is arrested; where watchfulness and pain have been present, the system becomes quieter, and the patient soon obtains refreshing sleep.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

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STORMING THE STRONGHOLDS
of prejudice and misapprehension, and carrying all before it
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE
pursues its march of conquest. Like those of the Union, its colors are the cynosure of every eye, its victories
LEAVE NO STAIN.
It turns thousands of heads, and charms innumerable hearts. Containing no caustic element, it cannot injure the hair or blemish the skin.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1.50 and $3 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jan27-6teow

$200 PER MONTH!—The very best chance ever offered to make money! Positively no humbug or risk. Full particulars sent free. Address H. M. SANBORN, Sandusky, New York. jan13-3t

WIT AND HUMOR.

Our National Boundaries.

Captain ——, of the U.S. Navy, was equally distinguished for his eccentricity of manner and for his proficiency in seamanship. On one occasion, during a cruise in the Mediterranean, he so acquitted himself as to induce some English and French officers, who were engaged upon similar service (cruising), to tender him a complimentary dinner, as an evidence of their appreciation of his professional skill. At the time designated, many were present. Customary courtesies were being interchanged, and international toasts and sentiments were being liberally indulged in, accompanied by corresponding potations, when one of the officers of Her Majesty's service, having become somewhat *oblivious*, remarked, with characteristic brusqueness—

"Captain, I have but one great objection to your countrymen."

"Ah!" naively said the captain, "what is that?"

"Their insatiable desire for the acquisition of territory." Then becoming excited by his subject, he continued—"I am satisfied, captain, there will be no end to it."

"Oh, yes," quaintly and coolly replied the captain.

"*For God's sake, when?*" emphatically inquired the officer.

"When," responded the captain, preserving his equanimity, "we reach our national boundaries."

"Will you please inform me where those may be?" interrogated the English officer, sarcastically.

"Where!" said the captain, assuming an inimitable manner, "*from Texas to the Aurora Borealis!*"

Chicken in his Hat.

Nat, a friend of ours, is very poor, rather light-fingered, and, it is said, not so bright as his parents could wish. The other day, while passing a neighbor's, Nat saw a brood of chickens, and immediately caught a fine one to carry home. He had not gone far, however, before he saw the owner coming up the road, and not knowing what to with the chicken, to conceal it, at last succeeded in crowding it into his hat, which he again placed upon his head. But the chicken having a longing for liberty, and being also pressed for air, managed to thrust his head through an opening in Nat's old straw hat. Nat was presently accosted with—

"What have you got in your hat?"

"Nothing but my head," said Nat.

"But I see a chicken's head sticking through the top of it, Nat."

Nat, taking off his hat and looking at it in feigned astonishment, exclaimed:—

"Wal, how do you s'pose that critter come in there? He must have crawled up my trowsers leg!"

In a certain parish in Yorkshire, not long since, an old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged curate, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather *irregular* in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to the house, but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now. "Oh," she replied, without the least hesitation, "that young man you've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preaching yersel' sae peaceably."

"Sir," said one man to another, who hesitated about benefiting himself at the expense of the reputation of a certain individual, deceased, "you are notoriously an immoral man, and almost the utter opposite of a Christian, though you say you believe in Heaven. Why do you hesitate, then, in a matter like this?" "Because, sir," was the grave reply, "the late Mr. ——, though a peaceful man, hated anything sneaking; and I fear that if I should take advantage of his death, I might meet him in Heaven, *and he'd lick me like blazes*."

Witty.—The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor; and, of course, she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it, he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, "that she had not disobeyed." "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

A dubious landlord, at Cobleskill, a short time since, was complaining that his sugar-drawer was overrun with ants. A "setter," ever present, proposed that if Boniface would treat, that he would inform him how to get rid of the ants in a very short time. The landlord accepted the proposition, when the "setter" coolly advised Boniface to "kill an ant every time he took a drink."

"What is the world coming to?" said a kind-hearted but simple old lady, as she threw down her newspaper. "Only to think," she continued, "that there in New York they allow a parcel of French dancing girls to *execute their grand pas* on the stage, with the people all looking at 'em, and applauding of 'em, too!"

A minister read a prayer at the beginning of the work of reconstruction on the Lynchburg and Tennessee Railroad. At its conclusion, an old negro got up and remarked, very audibly, "Well, I reckon dat's the fus' time de Lord's eber been writ to on de subject ob railroads."

A man boasted yesterday of having eaten forty-nine hard-boiled eggs. "Why did you not eat one more, and make an even fifty?" asked Sounds. "Humph! you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

A nice young man in Sandusky, Ohio, the other day obtained an introduction to a young lady on the ice, and shortly after stole her skates, which she had permitted him to assist her in taking off.

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Arabella.—"More young ministers are what we want."

A Cat An Heiress.

One of the most exquisite musicians in her time was Mlle. Dupuy, of the French opera. Her playing upon the harp was the wonder of Paris. She was convinced, however, that she owed her artistic excellence to her *favorite cat!* And of this strange intimacy between a charming woman and her quadruped favorite, Moncrif, her biographer, gives the following interesting particulars:

Of course the lovely musician's practisings at home were assiduous and constant. But as soon as she sat down and began a prelude upon the instrument, she noticed that her cat assumed an attitude of intense attention. At the point of the instrument's arriving at any passage of peculiar beauty the excited grimalkin went into a feline ecstasy; and so well measured was this sensibility, according to the excellence of the playing and the pathos of the composition, that Mlle. Dupuy was able to judge of the quality of the music by the manifest emotions of her cat. She became a devout *pussy*ite, in fact, believing that the nervous creature was an exact prophet, foretelling precisely how music would affect an audience. And she was grateful accordingly to the friend to whom she thought she owed mainly her artistic success.

In her last illness, at the approach of death, Mlle. Dupuy sent for the notary to make her will. She had accumulated a fortune by her profession; and the first clause of her testament was the *giving of her town house and her country house to her cat!* She added to this annuity sufficient for the comfortable support of the four-legged *mew*-sician during its natural life; and to make sure that this, her last will and testament, should be respected, she gave several legacies to friends on the express condition that they should see to the fulfillment of her wishes. It was also a condition that they should severally take turns during the week in going to see and keep company with the orphan puss.

Moncrif adds that the relatives of Mlle. Dupuy disputed the validity of the will, and a lawsuit was the consequence—Grimalkin vs. Dupuys. But the *cat gained the case*, and lived out her days with the genteel alternation between an elegant house in town and her charming country-house. The particulars of the final *cat*-astrophe are not given.

A Curious Fact.—The finest orange trees in Europe, in the superb collection at Dresden, were brought as ballast, in the shape of mere blocks of timber, without roots or branches, in the hold of a German vessel, and found their way to Saxony. Some curious gardener, anxious to know what plant furnished this new wood, planted them, but unfortunately mistook the upper end for the lower, and thus actually turned the poor mutilated tree upside down. Yet, in spite of this early mutilation, the long sea-voyage and their subsequent cruel treatment, they have grown and flourished beyond all other orange-trees on the continent.—*De Vere.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Tobacco Growing.—Correction.

I have received from somebody living somewhere, a note of which the following is a copy, accompanied by a $5 "greenback."

"Mr. Cosmo—I read last spring in the *Cultural* some of your hints about tobacco culture, from which I guess you are an old tobacco planter, and I send you the five dollars enclosed to pay you for writing me a letter, telling me all about preparing the seed-bed, the tobacco field, planting out, cultivating and curing the crop. I want the information in a private letter, so I can go ahead of all my neighbors on tobacco.

"Yours respectfully, Warren."

That's all there is of it—the note I mean. No date or direction. But then there is the $5 note, and the request to be disposed of. If "Warren" will send his address in the same handwriting as the note with which the note came, it will be returned, and "Warren" can have the information gratuitously, that he can get full, definite, reliable and circumstantial information upon the subject of tobacco culture for *twenty-five cents*, from Orange Judd & Co., publishers of agricultural books, 41 Park Row, New York.

Cosmo is neither an "old tobacco planter," or a *private* teacher at $5 a head, but being reminded by the circumstance that tobacco culture is a growing interest all over the country in spite of the crusade against the "weed" by anti-chewers and smokers, and the ladies *en masse*, that though not a professional tobacco culturist, I have been a something successful practical one, I purpose giving, gratuitously to the readers of the Saturday Evening Post the benefit of what I have learned by experience about tobacco-growing and curing.

In the first place, do not pay extravagant prices and get swindled by purchasing Cuba seed. Quite six-eighths of the Cuba tobacco seed comes originally from Connecticut. It is carried out to the Havana and reshipped to us as Cuba seed, selling at $14 the pound, when the same material that has not made a West India voyage can be purchased at $3,50. And then if you do happen to get the genuine Cuba seed, there is no advantage in it in any case—generally a loss, for the American seed is the best after all for American culture.

As the tobacco field of the United States has grown of late years into an immensely wide and long one, embracing so many conditions of soil and climate, of course the time of preparing seed-beds and sowing the seed and planting out, must of necessity vary considerably, while the formula of culture, harvesting and curing the crop remains everywhere substantially the same.

The best rule as to time of preparing seed-bed, applicable everywhere, is to clear off a patch of brush or timber land as early in winter as you can conveniently. Select a spot well sheltered from cold West and North winds, having a southern slope, and warm, sunny exposure. If evergreen brush wood is to be had, cut and fence in the seed patch with an evergreen wall of boughs seven or eight feet high and thick enough to fence out the cold winds.

There is no need to dig or plough the patch, but as early in March as Jack Frost, Esq., will permit, strew the surface of the patch over, three or four inches deep, with dry straw, small brush and leaves, and set fire to it. After the burning, scratch over the surface vigorously with an iron-toothed rake, and sow your seed mixed with three times its bulk of very fine dry sand. As the burning will have put to death all insect pests and destroyed all seeds of weeds and grasses, you will have nothing further to do in the seed-bed until the time comes to take out the plants.

In preparing the tobacco field, plough once, as early as you can and as deep. Then, a week before planting time, plough across, eight inches deep, harrow the field thoroughly, and then lay together two light furrows, forming ridges parallel and four feet apart.

There is no necessity for manuring tobacco land so extravagantly as has been the general practice. Potash is what the plant requires mainly. Give it a supply of this, or the material of which it can manufacture it, and it will do all that tobacco ought to, without all the usual promiscuous manuring that tobacco don't need, and won't have if it can help it.

When the leaves of the plants are the size that our silver half dollars used to be, begin to transplant, and get them all a-field as near the same time as you can. Let each planter have his basket of plants, and over his shoulder and under his arm a bag of compost manure, compounded of three parts wood ashes, two of *poudrette* or bone dust, and three of fine, rich loam. Into each hole of the dibble, let him chuck a moderate handful of the compost, cover it an inch with dirt, set in the plant precisely as he would a young cabbage, and go on as fast as he can, setting the plants along the ridge three feet apart.

After the plants have got a ten days' start, cultivate, the first time carefully, to avoid covering up and breaking down. After that, cultivate and keep free from weeds as you would corn.

Snip out every sucker that shows itself at the base of the leaves, wage war on the great green, ugly worms, and cut away all ambitious seed tassels when the plant has put out its tenth leaf. When the field has all been "topped," give it a thorough dressing with the cultivator, and "lay it by." At the proper time, sow the flat, round or Swedish turnips between the tobacco rows. The tobacco will lose nothing, and both the turnips and the soil will be gainers by the practice.

Whenever your tobacco leaves begin to show yellowish white blotches on them, it is time to cut and carry under cover. Don't let the hot sun shine longer on the cut plants than just to wilt them, and by no means permit dew or rain to fall on it. It is best to begin cutting after the dew is off in the morning, and have all the cut crop housed before dew begins to fall in the evening.

After being housed it should be hung up by the butts as early as possible, hanging free, and having plenty of air in all dry weather until perfectly cured, which will be in about six weeks, when it should be taken down carefully and stacked in cross layers—three to five hundred plants in a stack, to *sweat*. This process will occupy from three to four weeks, according to the weather. If very damp, the piles should be looked to and overhauled every few days to guard against mould and heating, either of which are ruinous to tobacco.

The stripping may be done at convenient odd times, care being taken to make three separate classes of the leaves. First the ground leaves which are frayed, ragged and broken, should go by themselves; then say six of the largest, best conditioned leaves from each plant, make the next class, and the remaining top leaves go to the third class. In making up, lay about two dozen of the leaves straight and snug together, select a refuse, ragged leaf, give it a twist or two, pass it twice round the butts of the leaves, drawing them close together and tuck the end of the band as in binding grain.

In putting up for market it is best to make up bales of each sort separately, each bale weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds, and covered with a neat braided straw mat that any farmer or farmer's boy or girl can learn in two hours to manufacture very cleverly. Tobacco thus sorted, and put up will always find a readier sale, and command much better prices than material punched and pressed promiscuously into hogsheads, or slashed indiscriminately into boxes.

Some Cabbages.

The Flint, Mich., Citizen, says Mr. E. Barlow, of Flushing, in that county, sold fifty cabbages, raised on his farm, that weighed one thousand one hundred and forty-eight pounds—nearly an average of twenty-three pounds each.

Horticultural Hints.

We have long since learned to look upon everything that comes from the *Gardener's Monthly*, or the pen of its able editor, Thomas Meehan, Esq., author of the "American Hand Book of Ornamental Trees," as horticultural and garden gospel, and feel perfectly secure of being on the right track in giving to *our* portion of the public anything coming from, or endorsed by either. Thus we transfer the following hints from the *Gardener's Monthly*, knowing that they ought to be generally known:

Dahlia Bulbs should be placed in a cool place, secure from frost, and not divided until spring, when it is time to put them "sprouting." Tigridias, Tuberoses, Gladiolus, &c., need the same treatment.

The Curculio.—A correspondent says, jarring the trees is a settled point with him for three reasons: It is the surest, it is the quickest, it is less expensive. One minute to each tree is enough; and as none of these little gray rebels are to be paroled after they are down, apples and cherries will not be injured by them.

A New Way of Watering Plants.—F. Parkman contributes a new method of watering plants, which should not be forgotten when another dry season makes it appearance. It consists merely in filling a common wine bottle about four-fifths with water, quickly inverting it, and thrusting the neck into the earth at the root of the plant. The water occupies from twenty-four to forty-eight hours in escaping, and the soil around the root of the plant is kept in a state of equable moisture without the surface being wet in the least. Thus the caking of the earth, and all the mischief resulting from it, is avoided. After two or three days the bottle is filled again, and the neck thrust into the same hole as before.

Remedy for Gargety Cows.—Will you please publish the following remedy for gargety cows: Aconite, 6 or 8 drops is enough for a dose. I have used it for several years, and have never known it to fail a cure. The aconite may be found at the apothecaries.—*Amos Whitten, in N. E. Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

Selected.

A Meat Sandwich.—Wash and put into a saucepan two pounds of potatoes, cover them with warm water and throw in a spoonful of salt, let them just reach boiling, but never actually boil, until they are done, then peel and mash them with a little cream and butter, shake in a little cayenne pepper, lay them in a smooth paste to cover a dish, cut thin slices of underdone meat, either mutton, beef, or veal, lay them in thickly, pour over them rich gravy, and a wine glass of either tomato or mushroom catsup, then cover this with a crust of the mashed potatoes. Bake in a slow oven for about forty minutes. Serve hot. This is very nice.

Jellied Turkey.—Take out the breast bone and cut off the legs, not the thigh part, of a small, fat, hen turkey. Clean it with great care, and fill the inside with large, fresh oysters, sew it up, lay it in a floured cloth, and sprinkle it over with salt. Lay it in cold water, and boil it one hour and a half very slowly, then take it out, lay it on a dish, and draw out the thread with which the turkey was sewn. Have ready a nice jelly made of calves' feet, without sugar, but flavored with lemon and wine; when cool but not cold, pour this over the turkey. This must be set aside to jelly. When dressed with fringed celery it is a very handsome dish.

Frizzled, Smoked, or Dried Beef.—Shave very thin slices of dried beef, put a teacupful of cold water into a small saucepan, and lay in the slices of beef, let it simmer up, and add a large spoonful of butter, then beat up the yolk of an egg with a teaspoonful of flour, then stir this in slowly to prevent the egg from curdling, add a little salt and cayenne, and let it simmer for five minutes, then stir in half a cup of cream, or new milk. Serve hot. This is nice for tea. Ham dressed in the same manner is equally good.

Soused Calves' Feet.—When cleaned and cracked, boil a set of calves' feet, (four) in two quarts of water; let them slowly simmer for three hours, then pour them through a sieve or colander, take out all the bones, cut up the feet and put them into the liquor in which they were boiled, let it cool, and then remove every particle of fat; to the liquor and chopped feet pour half a pint of good wine vinegar, a teaspoonful of whole allspice, a little salt and cayenne; pour this all into a saucepan and let it simmer for five minutes, keeping it tightly covered, stir it well, then pour all into a pan, and when quite cold slice for tea. It is both pleasant in flavor and pretty in appearance, if rightly made, it being a clear jelly. Pigs feet are prepared exactly in the same manner.

Perfumes.—By the modern chemical discoveries the most noisome substances are converted into sources of the sweetest odors. The fetid and poisonous fusel oil by different methods of treatment produces the most delicate scents of various flowers and fruits; the oils of gas tar yield the oil of bitter almonds, which is extensively used for perfuming soap; and even the drainage of cow-houses furnishes one of the principal ingredients in the most exquisite perfumes of a lady's toilet.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 4, 3, 1, 4, 8, tells us the hour of noon.
My 5, 1, 3, 7, is called every morning at school.
My 8, 7, 6, 3, is an important part of a ship.
My 8, 2, 4, 8, is a dexterous movement of the foot.
My 4, 2, 5, 4, 3, 6, is a ring.

My whole is a far famed tributary of the Allegany river. M. W.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 9, 2, 6, 5, was a Union general.
My 8, 3, 12, 11, 11, was a rebel general.
My 5, 9, 13, is a Union general.
My 12, 6, 7, 14, 10, 7, 12, 4, is a noted battle-field.
My 1, 10, 14, 6, 6, 12, is a town in Virginia.

My whole was a "*famous brigade*" in the army of the Potomac. "UNION."

Huntington, Vt.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, when evening's shadows fall,
O'er hues of crimson dye,
We see, ere rise the starry lights,
Steal softly o'er the sky.
My second, man and beast can claim,
With all created things—
The reptiles crawling on the ground,
And every thing with wings.
My third, when peace and quiet reign,
Fills all with dire dismay,
And quaking tremblers start with dread,
To meet the coming fray.
My whole across our borders now,
Is causing wide alarms,
Fire, loss and terror in its track
Blent with the clash of arms.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in clover, but not in hay.
My second is in no, but not in nay.
My third is in Maine, but not in New York.
My fourth is in knife, but not in fork.
My whole is a city, which, long ago,
Conquered the world, ere its overthrow.
The city, says the proverb, "was not built in a day."
Reader, I should think, you could guess it right away. EFFIE.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first was oft by mitred priests
On Jewish altars slain,
Now armed in warlike panoply,
It ploughs the ocean main.

My next be sure is not my whole,
For it is only part.
To build my whole is oft a task
Of engineering art.

GILBERT ASHTON.

Puzzle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of my whole equals 157. Divide me into five equal parts, and one of the parts will be 100 times another part. Take four-fifths of myself from myself; and over half still remains. I am not a barbarian, neither am I enlightened; but I am just five-ninths civilized?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An urn contains 100 balls, each one white or black, but which is not known. Drawings are made at random from this urn, after each of which the ball is replaced. The first 17 drawings are white. Required—the probability that the next 6 drawings will be white.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does a lady wear fur around her neck? Ans.—Because she does not like to leave her *chin chilly*.

☞ Why is a dog's tail a very great novelty? Ans.—Because no one ever saw it before.

☞ What is most likely to become a woman? Ans.—A little girl.

☞ What perfume is most injurious to beauty? Ans.—The essence of thyme (time.)

☞ What is worse than a hen stealing? Ans.—A *cock robin* (robbing.)

☞ What trade would you recommend to a short man? Ans.—*Grow, sir*, (grocer.)

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Abraham Lincoln. ENIGMA—A rolling stone gathers no moss. DOUBLE REBUS—Madison and Lincoln, (mad—alibi—dun—Isaac—Solferino—owl—sun). CHARADE—"Aerie, Erie, Ire, I." ANAGRAMS—Eutaw Springs, Winchester, Seven Pines, Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Leuctra, Marengo, Austerlitz, Leipsic, Lepanto, Lexington, Gravelines, Stony Point, Baltimore, and White Plains.

Answer to W. G. T.'s ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM of Dec. 16th—144 pounds. Morgan Stevens, W. H. L., S. S. Kane, L. M. Wilson, Samuel M. Comstock.

Answer to Reuben Barto's PROBLEM of Dec. 2nd—Abscissa 3 and double ordinate 4. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Dec. 9th—13½ inches. Morgan Stevens and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—663.61. Morgan Stevens.